The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 231

TO KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN (Poem) 234

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 234

THE READER—
Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell: 1810—1865. By Thomas Seccombe 237
Mrs. Gaskell's Early Surroundings and their Influence on her Writings. By Conrad S. Sargisson 245
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 251
Balzac. By Prof. George Saintsbury 252

NEW BOOKS—
The Marvellous Boy. By W. H. Hudson... 255
From the Half-Deck. By Perceval Gibbon... 256
Three Modern Seers. By Edward Thomas... 257
Recent Poetry. By Walter de la Mare 258
"On the Deep Rolling Tide." By J. E. Patterson 259
The Hittites. By C. B. 260
Back to the Land. By Shan F. Bullock 261
Mr. Gribble's Way. By Arthur Ransome 262
Galahad Jones. By Henry Murray 263
Elizabeth the Less. By Francis Bickley... 264
Short Stories at their Best. By M. H. H. Macartney ... 264
Hilaire Belloc's Essays 265
Cecil Rhodes 266
Celt and Saxon. By Dr. James Moffatt 266

NOVEL NOTES—
Early Victorian—Verity Lads—Atonement—The Personal Conduct of Belinda—The Lost Halo—Diana of Dreams—Samuel the Seeker—A Gentleman of Virginia—The Feet of the Years—McGlusky the Reformer—The Doctor's Lass—The Portrait 267-9

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
My German Year — Millet—Watteau—Elizabeth Fry—Instruments of the Modern Orchestra — Hypnotism and Suggestion in Daily Life, Education and Medical Practice—Poems of Jonathan Swift—Schools of Painting—Thirty-six Poems 269-72

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 272

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 273

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Gaskell's daughter, Miss M. E. Gaskell, for the interest she has taken in the preparation of this number of The Bookman, and for her kindness in permitting us to reproduce certain of the portraits and photographs included among our illustrations.

The reproduction of the bust of Mrs. Gaskell on our cover is from a photograph by Mr. Warwick Brookes, of Manchester.

Messrs. George Bell & Son are including "Sylvia's Lovers" in their attractive Queen's Treasures Series, with colour illustrations by Miss Wheelhouse, and an introduction by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, who has already prefaced "Cousin Phillis" in a uniform issue. The introduction, together with a brief Life of Mrs. Gaskell, will contain an appreciation of this, her most ambitious effort in fiction, and a first attempt to identify all the local scenes and allusions in connection with Monkshaven, the name she gave to Whitby.

Mr. Murray is publishing during the autumn the first volume of the Life of Lord Beaconsfield, based on his private papers, that Mr. W. F. Monypenny has been engaged upon for some years past. This volume covers the period from Disraeli's birth to his entry into Parliament in 1837.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel, "The Case of Richard Meynell," which will be published by Messrs. Smith Elder after it has run its course serially.

It is some time since we had a new book from Mr. Joseph Conrad, but Mr. Conrad is not a hasty worker, and has never made a settled practice of giving us two books a year, or even one. He has been engaged for a year or so past on a new story that is now nearing completion, and will make its appearance presently under the title of "Razunov."

Mr. David W. Bone, whose novel, "The Brassbounder," we review elsewhere, is a brother of Mr. Muirhead Bone, the well-known etcher. He is chief officer on the Anchor Line S.S. *Massilia*, which recently left Liverpool for Bombay, and he is now at work on a new book of the sea, to be called "The Queer Fella."

Messrs. Cassell are publishing another book on Napoleon by Mr. Clement Shorter. This is "Napoleon in his own Defence," and gives Napoleon's

Mr. A. F. Wedgwood.

Whose brilliant first novel, "The Shadow of a Titan" (Duckworth), was reviewed by Mr. Perceval Gibbon in the July BOOKMAN.

view of his captivity at St. Helena and his own estimate of his career, these revelations being contained in the letters he wrote to Lady Clavering, which were published anonymously at the time, and are now acknowledged to be the work of Napoleon. Mr. Shorter prints the letters and the reply that Theodore Hook wrote to them, and contributes full editorial notes to the volume, and an essay on "Napoleon as a Man of Letters."

Madame Albanesi has written a dramatic version of her successful story "Sister Anne," and the play will be produced in London during the autumn. Her new novel, "The Glad Heart," is to be published this month.

Miss S. G. Tallentyre, whose new book, "Early Victorian," we review on another page, began her literary career with a book of sketches called "The Money-Spinner," which she wrote in collaboration with Henry Seton Merriman, with whose literary career she had many associations, and on whose advice, and as she had always been interested in French literature, she wrote the two articles that appeared collectively under the title of "The Women of the Salons." It was impossible to make these studies of the eighteenth century without being constantly brought across the name of Voltaire—the great dominating influence of that age—and the fact that there was no complete Life of him published in England (John Morley's masterly study being rather in the nature of an elaborate essay) led Miss Tallentyre to write one. Her book on "The Friends of Voltaire" was a natural corollary to the Life, and the warm reception that was given to her biography of the greatest Frenchman of the age preceding the Revolution induced Miss Tallentyre to write the Life of the greatest Frenchman *of* the Revolution—Mirabeau.

In her "Early Victorian" Miss Tallentyre has returned to the art of fiction, but this time her series of character studies is so ingeniously contrived that, in effect, it constitutes a long novel. She was drawn to the period her title indicates by the happy facts that she had many, and still has some, very old relatives who are able to recall clearly and intelligently their own lives and the general manner of living in the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria, that she is rich in private letters relating to that period, and that her father still has vivid personal recollections of meeting at his father's house at Amen Corner, St. Paul's, Sidney Smith, Minor Canon Barham, better known as Thomas Ingoldsby of the famous "Legends,"

Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

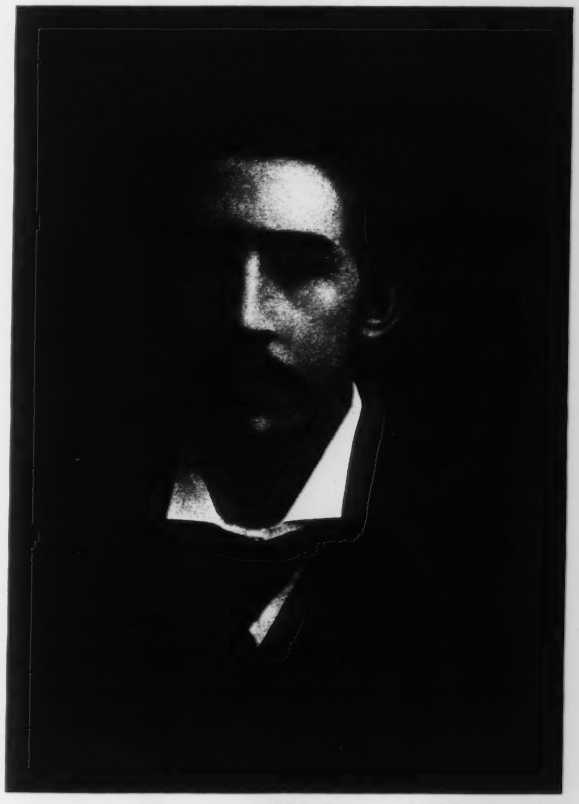
Madame Albanesi.

and the fifth Earl of Oxford, who was not only the friend of Byron and the father of the "Ianthe" to whom "Childe Harold" was dedicated, but a very typical noble of his day. It is therefore not strange that Miss Tallentyre is inclined to continue her studies of the Early Victorian period—a period which has, she holds, been far too harshly dismissed as one of smug respectability and dulness in art and literature, so that its quiet charms of simplicity and dutifulness, its scent of herbs and lavender, its peaceful aloofness from the rush and tumult and fierce competition of modern life are too little known and appreciated. These old-time qualities make much of the charm of "Early Victorian," and readers of that delightful volume will be glad there is more than a possibility that its author will give them others in the same vein.

Miss Rose Boldrewood, the daughter of Rolf Boldrewood, the well-known Australian novelist, has written a novel entitled "The Complications of Collaroi," which Messrs. John Ouseley will publish early in the autumn. Those who have read the story in MS. do not hesitate to say that the mantle of the author of "Robbery Under Arms" has fallen on his daughter.

"Platitudes in the Making: Advices and Precepts for Gentlefolk" is the title of a little book of original maxims on Life, Art, and Morals by Mr.

Photo by the Bower Studio, Durban.
Miss Rose Boldrewood.



Mr. James A. Mackereth.
Whose new poems, "A Son of Cain" (Longmans), are reviewed on p. 258.

Holbrook Jackson that Mr. D. J. Rider is publishing in England and Mr. Mitchell Kennesley in New York.

Mr. D. J. Rider, by the way, is now publishing the *Forum* in this country. The July and August numbers of this review began a new series, and number among their contributors Granville Barker, Frank Harris, H. G. Wells, Dr. Saleeby, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, Bliss Carman, Cale Young Rice, Allen Upward, and other well-known authors.

Mr. John H. Ingram is preparing a greatly revised and enlarged "Life of Poe," the result of over a quarter of a century's careful accumulation of new material derived from letters, MSS., etc., and is bringing all fresh and trustworthy information concerning the poet into his pages. Mr. Ingram has long been our leading authority on Edgar Allan Poe, and this new and amplified edition of his monumental biography will be looked forward to with keen interest.

Information of special importance in connection with the text of Poe's poems comes to us from the eminent American critic and author, Mr. J. H. Whitty. Mr. Brimley Johnson, in his recent Oxford edition of Poe's poems, and Messrs. Stedman & Woodberry, the American editors of them, adhere for their "authorised text" to what they

regard as the latest published edition revised by Poe. But neither these nor any other of his editors seem to have seen what is really Poe's last revision of his poems. As a fact, Poe finally revised his poems at Richmond, Virginia, shortly before his death, and Mr. Whitty has had these revisions in his possession for a number of years. Strange as it may appear at this date, some of the revised poems, including "the only correct copy" of "The Raven," and "Lenore," were actually published by Poe, and his numerous editors have overlooked the fact. An English writer recently stated that no file of the *Flag of Our Union*, to which Poe contributed, was now in existence. A file has been found and much light thrown on the poems published in that journal. Eight new poems have been collected, some in manuscript, in addition to a number of texts from manuscripts and heretofore unknown printed sources. Mr. Whitty says that the variant readings of "The Raven" have so far been given incorrectly, and no mention has been made of Poe's separate London text. It is also singular that none of the editions furnish all the corrections made in Poe's hand in the copy of his 1845 edition bequeathed by J. L. Graham to the Century Association of New York. To meet the need for a final and definite text, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are publishing in America this autumn "The Complete Poems of E. A. Poe," edited by Mr. J. H. Whitty, with the fullest notes ever attempted, and English and foreign editions of the work are being arranged for. Prefixed to the volume is a Memoir, grounded upon new information and material of the first importance, and telling for the first time the full story of Poe's 1827 voyage to London. Mr. Whitty has devoted thirty years to the completion of this task, and in due course we shall have something further to say on the extent and value of his discoveries.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Ouseley, Mr. D. J. Rider, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Stanley Paul, Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Macmillan, and Messrs. Smith, Elder.

TO KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

On receiving the English "Bookman" for July, 1910.

GROWN somewhat weary, in these latter days,
Of books and men, somewhat unapt to praise
I turn with unabated zest again
To the unfading pictures of your pen—
Through Gothic archways wander out and in,
Eaves-dropping after Jack and Katharine,
Follow with fervour through the Kingdoms Three
The pleasant footsteps of Penelope,
Or, making one of dear Rebecca's train,
Grow almost native to the State of Maine.

And could I, turning from the printed page,
Behold Rebecca's graces on the stage,
How should I joy to see before my eyes
And hear a child, so young, and yet so wise,
Assured that she will prove an old saw wrong,
And that, though young and wise, she will live long.

Long may she live, and long may you, to know
How many are the grateful hearts that owe
To you a deeper debt of thankfulness
Than my poor pen is able to express.

July 8, 1910. H. J.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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By Thomas Seccombe.

THE prevalent habit of centenaries imposes a severe enough tax upon readers. For writers who have to cram up their celebrated authors in the encyclopædia and then make a hurried excursion through their works the practice is little short of penitential. We are not always in the mood for "classics." Here, at any rate, Mrs. Gaskell is an exception. Her novels are perennially fresh. They do not fatigue, or sear, or narcotise. We return to them with an unfading and constant delight. Her books engender a feeling of gratitude towards the writer along with a strong sentimental regret—regret that a life so happy, so sympathetic, so well balanced, and in short so beautiful, could not have been prolonged, that her vivid mind and pen should not have irradiated our particular generation. Could you imagine England personified as a sentient and intelligent being, on the death of Elizabeth Gaskell, as on the death of Charles Lamb or Walter Scott, you would expect her to draw a long sigh as one feeling sensibly poorer for a loss that could never be repaired.

You may think this to be a deliberate exaggeration. But it certainly is not. So far as artistic perfection is attainable in such a formless and chaotic thing as the modern novel, it is my deliberate belief that Mrs. Gaskell has no absolute rival in the measure of complete success which she was enabled to achieve. Take the great masters of the eighteenth century, for instance: they have the massive qualities but also the characteristic foibles of primitive strength and originality. Jane Austen, nearly faultless in form as she appears to many, is yet unequal and strangely defective on the sympathetic and emotional side. No one had a nobler conception of the novel than George Eliot, or did more to further a reasonable limitation of its artistic scope, but her brow was if possible a little too lofty, her earnestness too tractarian, her robe too prophetic. Trollope enabled the novel to perform a great service in realising the prose of life, but he is if anything a trifle too prosaic. Charlotte Brontë by making a specialty of masterful love fertilised the whole of our fiction anew. The three giants of English fiction as I conceive them—perhaps I should make them four and include George Meredith—are altogether *hors concours*. Scott, with his incomparable genius, in which he combined unrivalled humour and power of historic divination with a passionate and impressive antiquarianism, vitalised the remote past as no one has ever done before or since with the solitary exception of Shakespeare. Dickens and Thackeray, two giants of personality, simply incarnated themselves in their books, which are novels almost by accident and take on that shape, as Marlowe's genius materialised as drama or as Addison's appeared in essay form, just because it happened to be the predominant literary mould on the market when their powers blossomed into maturity. But if you ask for the normal type of English novel in the highest degree of perfection to which it ever attained, I should certainly be inclined to say—take "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Sylvia's Lovers," and "Wives and Daughters." Not one of them altogether or entirely attains to the perfection of which Mrs. Gaskell was capable. But they fully and adequately reveal her power and likewise her intention of subordinating herself in some degree to a form of the potentialities and limitations of which alike, it seems to me, she had an intuition surpassing the utmost efforts of any of her greater contemporaries.

Mrs. Gaskell.

From the original drawing by George Richmond, in the possession of Miss M. E. Gaskell.

"One of the greatest distinctions of Mrs. Gaskell is in the kindliness of her humour; she is, strange to say, the only woman novelist who is entirely kindly, benevolently humorous."—From Clement Shorter's Introduction to "Cranford," World's Classics Edition. (Frowde.)

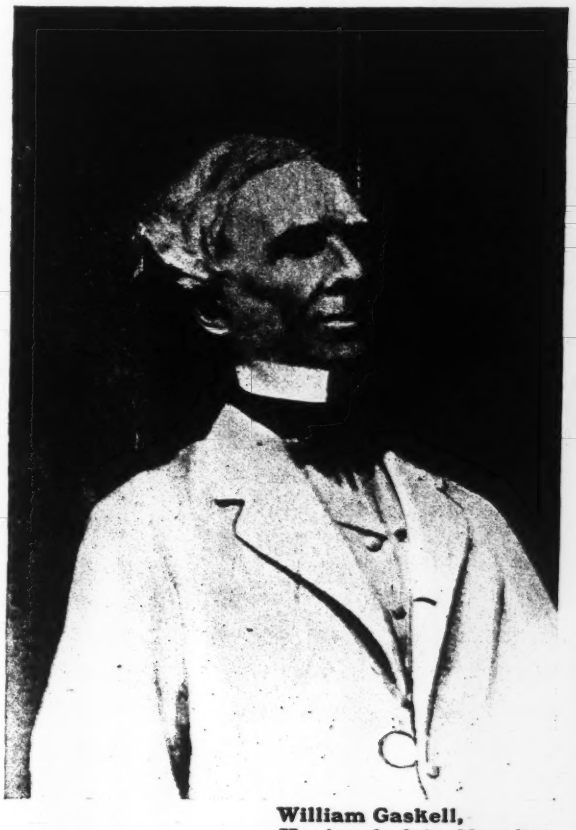
The very form in which Dickens and Thackeray issued their books indicates their profound indifference to any claims which the novel as an artistic genre might be supposed to have exercised upon their imaginations. The ease and rapidity with which Scott minted the coinage of his brain into a hundred slender volumes or more for public consumption gave him an almost laughable

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The House on the Heath at Knutsford.
Where Mrs. Gaskell lived as a child with her aunt, Mrs. Lumb.

sense of superiority to the ideal artistic requirements of a form which the public appetite and his own convenience seemed so happily to regulate. All of these, you observe, were professional writers. Whatever they wrote was instantly in demand. Their budgets expanded faster even than their revenues, and the kind of literary work which they had to perform was that which promised the most immediate and substantial pecuniary reward. The illicit side of life—more particularly in regard to the vagaries of the amorous passions—was tabu to them, simply because encroachment upon such themes meant reduced circulation. Eschewing the physiological laboratory and the dissecting room, it has been the aim of our fiction to be optimistic, ethical, medicinal—some would say happy-go-lucky, but at all events happy. Like the conception of eternal happiness or of moral providence in the sphere of religion, the idea at least is a noble one. The English tradition in this matter ever since the time of Scott has been that as the novel is addressed primarily to people well under forty the normal and optimistic side of the affections should alone be presented and anything verging upon the scabrous studiously avoided. The loss thus sustained (for which, however, it is right to note that the converse theory adopted in France amply atones) is considerable. But the gain perhaps more than compensates. The English assumption is in the main correct. Such nutrition as the novel can afford is reaped mainly by the young. For such the second-hand wisdom of unselected experience is often the worst of poisons. To those on the other hand who have gained experience by living the novel is less a mirror of life than a divertissement—*pour passer le temps*. Their loss in consequence is comparatively unimportant. Dickens and Thackeray carried this doctrine of prohibition (in spite of occasional vaunts about depicting "a man") almost to absurd lengths. It was about the only limitation in regard to the novel that they did recognise. Reticence on any other subject was their particular abhorrence. Violent humour, overacted sensibility, sham tears, moral homilies, extravagant digressions were the stock-in-trade of these colossal trick artists and virtuosi in every kind of sentimental enthusiasm and spasmodic emotion. They prided themselves less as novelists than as entertainers and monologists specially privileged to disport themselves every week or month in emotional fleshings upon a public platform. For plot, situations, scenery—nay, even characters and one might almost say theses—they lived a perfectly hand-to-mouth existence. They were the undoubted possessors of creative genius: that atoned for all!

Home of Mrs. Gaskell's Mother at Sandlebridge.
The original of Mr. Holbrook's house in "Cranford."



William Gaskell, Husband of the Novelist.

From a photograph by Mr. Rupert Potter. This is considered by the family the best portrait ever taken of Mr. Gaskell.
(By permission of Miss M. E. Gaskell.)

How different was the case of Mrs. Gaskell. She lacked both the qualities and the experience of her prodigious rivals. She had not in the same Brobdingnagian measure the artistic temperament. Her bump of egoism was but meagrely developed. She was not even in the ordinary sense self-centred. She saw things in the light of common day. Of the limelight of personality she was most sparing. She never put her high-lights on with a knife. Her very colours were only subsidiary elements in her craft; for, like Chardin, she painted with feeling. That was her strong point. Her own experiences were mainly reflective — neither original nor extraordinary.

Like Jane Austen, she had several connections with the Royal Navy. Hence her steady ambition to write a maritime novel, which she realised in "Sylvia's Lovers," in some respects her most ambitious performance. Her birthplace was Chelsea, rich in associations with English fiction, with More and Swift, George Eliot and the Kingsleys. She was born on September 29, 1810, and her maiden name was Stevenson. Her father, William Stevenson, "a man remarkable for the stores of knowledge which he possessed and for the simplicity and modesty by which his rare attainments were concealed," must have furnished her with hints alike for the emigrant parson in "North and South" and for Minister Holman in "Cousin Phillis." Her mother, Eliza Holland, of Sandlebridge, died soon after her little girl was born and the child was taken away to the care of an aunt, her mother's sister, who was living at Knutsford with an only child, a cripple. The aunt was poor and had to practise some of the elegant economies immortalised in "Cranford." Her uncle, Dr. Peter Holland, lived in the same little town, and she has prolonged his existence as Mr. Harrison in "Cranford" and Mr. Gibson in "Wives and Daughters." Observation was clearly from an early date a chief solace of the little Elizabeth, amid much silence and it may be unhappiness. Middlemarch was being observed to good purpose about the same time, but Cranford now has the larger constituency.

At fifteen Elizabeth was sent to school at Stratford-on-Avon. At seventeen her sailor-brother John, who had been a regular visitor at Knutsford, disappeared mysteriously. This was the episode of the *Aga Jenkyns* in "Cranford." At nineteen her father died and she left her step-mother without reluctance (remember the second Mrs. Gibson) to reside with relatives in the North of England.

Three years elapsed, and by the autumn of 1832 we find the beautiful Miss Stevenson framed for life as the wife of the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of the dignified Cross Street Unitarian Chapel in Manchester.

84, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

Mrs. Gaskell's Manchester home.
(By permission of Miss M. E. Gaskell.)

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The House of Mrs. Gaskell's Uncle, Dr. Peter Holland, at Knutsford.

"The Doctor's house," described in "Wives and Daughters."

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The School at Knutsford described in "Wives and Daughters."

It stands just outside the gates of Tatton Park, on a byway that leads to Watling Street.

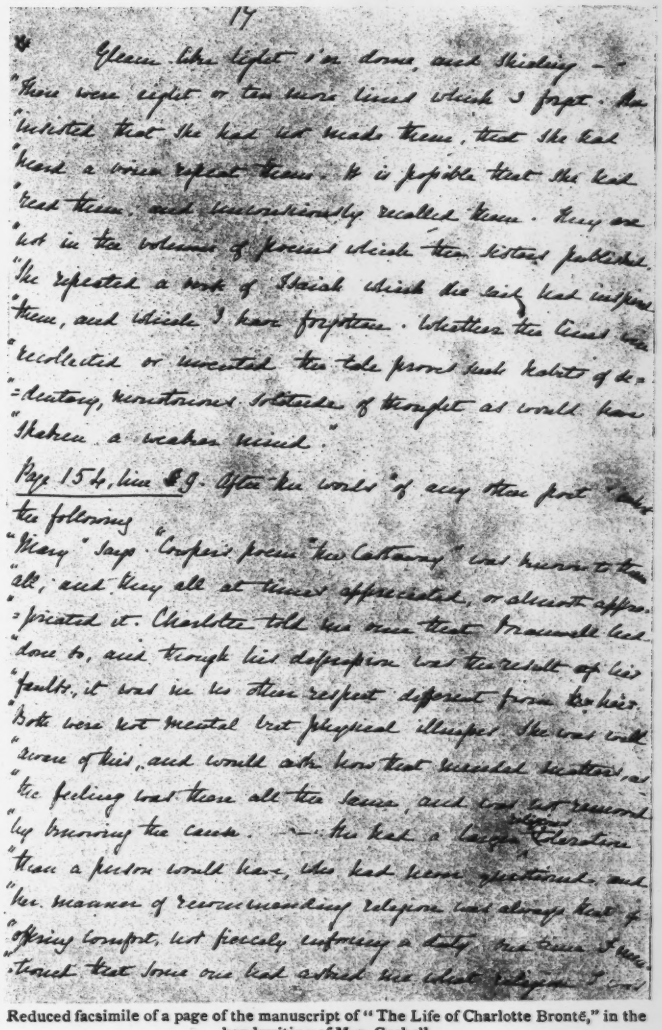
Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The "Highwayman's House" (Knutsford), which appears in "Wives and Daughters" and other of Mrs. Gaskell's stories.

Charlotte Brontë.
From the original by George Richmond, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Full of life, radiant, joyous, sympathetic, happy in her choice and in her home, whether as housewife, minister's lady, mistress, mother, or hostess, she attained an easy perfection. Then a terrible sorrow befell her, and we know how she began to write to divert her mind from brooding upon the loss of her only son. The Howitts seem to have been the literary sponsors of her first notable performance, which was written at Manchester and Silverdale in 1847 and was published by Chapman & Hall as "Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life" in 1848—the *annus mirabilis*, the year among other things of the complete failure of the People's Charter. The movement failed, owing largely to the lack of sympathy among the (since 1832) predominant middle class, now being driven in full cry to the mark of Individualism by the *laissez-faire* economists. "Mary Barton," following "Sybil" and just preceding "Alton Locke," stuck in their gullets, for it preached another gospel altogether. It was indeed, though Mrs. Gaskell must have been all unconscious of it, a herald of collectivism. Theoretically it amounted to little more than a variation on Radical Bamford's pitiful lament, "God help the poor!" but it irritated the rich mill-owners and the professors of the dismal science who could find no place for the poor in their philosophy save under the euphemisms of Labour and Supply. In the history of Ideas "Mary Barton" will always occupy a noble place as the starting-point and rallying cry of a new generation, following that of the slave-emancipators, of Humanitarians.

But it is more than that. It is a starting-point in the history of the novel, and as a work of art I cannot think that Mrs. Gaskell with all her experience ever entirely succeeded in surpassing it. It was written under a strong pressure of emotion. It is impregnated by profound human sympathy tender and true. An unpretentious appeal by a new writer to the hearts of the multitude, it struck home equally as a revelation and as a plea for the down-trodden. And it achieved this result largely by a subordination both of purpose and of personality to a virtually new conception of the novel as a harmonious work of art. Manchester was observed, one might almost say perceived for the first time, by a newcomer who was yet thoroughly acclimatised and knew her subject. The characters, originally drawn from life, were carefully subdued to the requirements of the story. The plot had slowly engraved itself upon the same plate in the writer's mind. Light and shadow are skilfully arranged, thought and emotion alternate, nothing is exaggerated, no side is taken, no sermon preached, no personality obtruded. Mrs. Gaskell was content to sink herself and to remain absorbed, her idiosyncrasy temporarily suspended in her work. She



Reduced facsimile of a page of the manuscript of "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," in the handwriting of Mrs. Gaskell.
(By permission of Miss M. E. Gaskell.)

Charles Dickens in 1858.

The sketches that make up "Cranford" appeared in *Household Words* under Dickens's editorship in 1851-2-3, and Dickens is said to have suggested to Mrs. Gaskell the writing of "North and South."

wrote a limpid style unhampered by any affectation or bizarrerie. Her dialogue is natural and spontaneous, her local colour fresh and unstudied. Her sympathies are deep, womanly, thoughtful, thoroughly normal. The result is a limitation, an economy, and a balance. The world is startled and surprised at being so taken by a simple thing. But it is no small thing to have written for the first time, almost in terms as universal as those employed by Scott or Dickens, a normal, healthy, ethical English novel.

The capitalists and wealthy mill-owners cried out before they were hurt. The offence imagined in "Mary Barton" was really committed in the next novel but two, written some seven years later and entitled "North and South." It is said to have been suggested by Dickens, for whom in the interval she had exerted herself to some purpose in the production of "Cranford." At any rate it was the natural outcome of the comments, many of them grossly unfair, made by masters in the cotton trade. Two of them in particular, intimate with the Plymouth Grove circle, held the hard unsocial doctrine that there must never be any double relation between masters and men ("hands"). It must be purely a business bond. When she wrote it she had just been brought into touch with two young Manchester employers—each the only son of a great cotton lord. These took "Mary Barton" on the right side and were doing all that they could to establish more human relations with their workpeople, and one of these may very possibly have suggested the strong (rather Brontëan) character of Thornton. The first part of this book—the farewell to the New Forest and the first impressions of Manchester—reach the high-water mark of the writer's terse pathos and varied literary power. Here as elsewhere interference from outside proved disastrous to the unruffled art which seems so secure until the venue is changed early in the second volume and the illusion is partly shattered.

The crop of worries that followed in the wake of her one ingenuous essay in the sphere of truthful biography, "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," seem to have given Mrs. Gaskell a temporary distaste for literary effort. Her interests were the reverse of concentrated. She wrote for pin-money rather than in support of a baronial establishment. At any rate, it was not until the 'sixties were in full swing that we arrive at what was without a doubt her most strenuous essay in prose-fiction. A visit to the then secluded resort of Ramsey in the Isle of Man and the long (foc'sle) yarns of a brave sailor, who took her and her eldest daughter on rowing expeditions along the coast, caused her mind to revert to the long-cherished project of a story of the sea. At Whitby the next summer she made numerous friends among the older generation. From these she obtained the fragments of faithful drama which supply the framework of "Sylvia's Lovers." She read all she could find about the Whale Fishery and the Press Gang. In the puzzling history of the "press" she spared no pains to be accurate, made express visits to Sir Charles Napier and General Perronet Thompson, an old Yorkshire baronet who was full of traditions of coastal adventure. The result was a masterpiece of restoration and of character delineation which but for a slight flaw in the fourth act would be not only her greatest, but also her finest and most finished performance.

For my part I give this honour to her last and un-

W. M. Thackeray.

From E. Goodwyn Lewis's crayon drawing now in the possession of the Kensington Library.

"Wives and Daughters," Mrs. Gaskell's last novel, began its appearance in the *Cornhill* under Thackeray's editorship in 1863.

Gibraltar Tower House, Carnforth.

In the Tower Mrs. Gaskell wrote a great deal, and it is especially associated with "Ruth." The top room of the Tower was the one used by Mrs. Gaskell.

finished story of "Wives and Daughters," which ran in the *Cornhill*, under Thackeray's consulship, from 1863 to 1865, and contains her two subtlest divinations of womankind in the kindred yet sundered portraits of Clare and Cynthia. To be emotional or what used to be called "exciting" is no longer her deliberate purpose as in "Lady Ludlow" or to some extent in "Mary Barton." The atmosphere is less bracing—there is more of Hampshire and Jane Austen in the breeze. The silly stepmother reminds us again and again of Mrs. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice." Here, as nearly always, the authoress owes her triumph to her natural gift of winning. She won over even the prudes, and it is on record that the two blatant young men who sat in the next pew at chapel and solemnly ordered "Ruth" to be burned on account of its impropriety eventually came to see their own *grossièreté*.

The three fairy gifts of the English novelist—knowledge of human nature, a good story, and a good style—were all Mrs. Gaskell's from the outset. The gods dowered her with admirable plots for her novels, and her descriptive powers were such that she could conjure up a tea-party given by one Lancashire operative to another with all the light and shade and glow of simple life and health and appetite of a real Dutch master. For universal pathos, as profound in its own setting as that of Flaubert's "Un Cœur Simple," take the story of Old Alice (in "Mary Barton") dreaming from youth to age, like poor Susan, of the lost mountain home of her remote girlhood and her mother (now a forlorn memory) looking "after me down the lane as long as I were in sight with her hand shading her eyes." And ending, like thousands before and since, in a Manchester cellar!

Another quality was her bright glance and power of absorbing the humorous side of the North Country character—especially its candour. You remember Martha's response to the injunction of Miss Matty to serve the ladies first: "But a like the lads best." "Cranford," in fact, is a mosaic of such things. It lacks the form of her best novel work. But there is more of Mrs. Gaskell in it. It is more spontaneous. And that is one reason why our public who ignore form have made it the favourite. Fragments even here are clearly suggestive of appreciative reading, notably of Dickens, Thackeray, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen. In the author of "Cranford," however, the Austen qualities are softened and sweetened by that benign idea which breathes more or less over the whole of nineteenth-century fiction. And, in the place of the hard enamel of the miniaturist, we have something of the liquid hues and warm, tender depths of a water-colour by De Wint or by Bonington. The milieu of the moss-grown country town, with its ample back gardens and moist brick walls, the delicacy of atmosphere, the paleness of the medium, and the unstudied symmetry of structure suited the time and

The Lawn, Holybourne, Alton.

The house in which Mrs Gaskell died on November 12, 1865.

faculty of the writer well-nigh to perfection. No book lends itself better to illustration and no book has been better illustrated.* "Cranford" surpasses Wendell Holmes; but I cannot regard it as quite the equal of "Mary Barton" or the first two volumes of "Sylvia's Lovers," and "Cranford" is surpassed even on its own lines within the limits of Mrs. Gaskell's two latest literary performances.

Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester. **Mrs. Gaskell.**

From the bust by Dunbar. The original is the property of Miss M. E. Gaskell, and was photographed for reproduction with her kind permission. The replica in the Manchester University was executed in Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's studio.

The last novel, "Wives and Daughters," following the idyllic tale of "Cousin Phillis," was written for the most part in holiday time, at Pontresina and Dieppe, during 1864 and 1865. Internal evidence fixes the scene within sight of the Malvern Hills and the time as falling within the 'twenties and 'thirties of the nineteenth century. Her imagination was tenacious of the pre-railroad era. She had seen how good communications corrupt live manners. There may be a few recollections of Stratford and the Midlands, but it is quite clear that, in the main, The Towers is the Tatton, Hollingford the Knutsford, and Hamley the Sandlebridge of Mrs. Gaskell's youth. The garden-party at the commencement is an exact replica of the garden-parties which Lady Egerton used to give to the ladies of the town who helped as teachers in the Sunday-school; † and so, had we the requisite clues, we could probably go right through the book finding roots of reminiscence. The distinctive literary touch with which chapters four and five are concluded demonstrate the increasing influence of Thackeray upon the writer. But the two most remarkable things about "Wives and Daughters" are, first, that it surpasses on the whole anything that its author had done before, and secondly, that its merit is progressive. The last chapters are the best. Unlike "Edwin Drood" and "Denis Duval," the completion of the story makes no undue strain upon the automatic imagination of the reader. In a word, Roger returns and marries Molly. How well Mrs. Gaskell would have carried out the rapprochement only the most ardent of Mrs. Gaskell's admirers can imperfectly imagine. I believe that the scene would have been her *chef-d'œuvre*. My curiosity is mainly excited about Aimée; and about the parting shots of the Miss Brownings and Mrs. Goodenough, who form to my mind the ripest fruit that ever grew on a Cranford wall. The portraits of Cynthia and her mother afforded us in the text are complete and perfect in every particular. Dr. Gibson, we know, took a partner, and when he died, we can easily imagine, "cut up" remarkably well.

Take it for all in all, putting aside the Waverley Novels I do not think there is a single work of fiction in English which has afforded me so much pleasure (still, I feel sure, to be repeated) as Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters." Before it appeared in book-form early in 1866 its creator was dead. In November, 1865, Mrs. Gaskell went down to Holybourne, near Alton (the scene or thereabouts of her earlier novel of "North and South"), to superintend the installation of a country house—a sacrifice to her growing desire for rural retirement. It was a Sunday afternoon. The clergyman had remarked after service how well Mrs. Gaskell was looking. The family were enjoying their afternoon tea to the accompaniment of an early-winter fire and Mrs. Gaskell was cheerily discussing some future plan or other, when quite suddenly in the midst of a sentence she fell forward—dead! The day was November 12, 1865. She was just fifty-five years of age and at the very height and fulness of her powers. The calendar makes it easy to remember, this month, that she was born in September, 1810. Such commemoration may mean very little. But I would willingly stake my credit as a literary meteorologist on the prediction that the mercury of her fame will have risen considerably by 2010.

* I refer, I need hardly say, to the exquisite vignettes of Hugh Thomson.

† "Cranford Souvenirs." By the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache. (Rivingtons. 1900.)

Photos by C. S. Sargisson.

The old Market Place, Knutsford.

Part of old Knutsford, as Mrs. Gaskell knew it in the "Cranford" days.

MRS. GASKELL'S EARLY SURROUNDINGS, AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON HER WRITINGS.

BY CONRAD S. SARGISSON.

IN Chapter IX. of "Mary Barton" the journey of a "babby" is narrated: in some such manner Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, when but one month old, came to Knutsford. Here the most impressionable period of her life was passed, mainly in the "modest house with an old-fashioned garden on the Heath"; and now in a quiet little graveyard (but little removed from the public way) Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell sleeps, almost in the very spot in which she herself laid Ruth —"in the south corner, beneath the great wych-elm." It is a very simple grey stone cross which marks the grave of Mrs. Gaskell. The inscription reads:

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL,
Born September 29, 1810,
Died November 12, 1865,

and beneath is the equally brief memorial of William Gaskell, her husband. When the spot was visited the other day a bunch of flowers lay upon the grave. It was a modest offering—of just such ordinary blossoms as those which Mrs. Gaskell loved and more than once described, but possessing a fragrance beyond that of the flowers themselves. On a cheap envelope tied to the stems was written, in ill-formed handwriting, a misspelt note, indicating that the simple offering was from two sisters, in "grateful memory." Mrs. Gaskell herself could have done justice to the incident—if it had been another's grave. It indicates the estimation in which she was held by plain folk who presumably knew her—at least through her books.

One can never get rid of a feeling that the personality of Mrs. Gaskell herself more plainly appears in the tales in which her early home is most evidently depicted. Her confession, "I have alternated between Drumble and Cranford all my life," tells more than it explicitly says. Though her other stories are graphic and powerful,

Photo by H. Walker.

The entrance to Tatton Park, described in "Wives and Daughters" as "The Towers."

"The little straggling town faded away into country on one side, close to the entrance-lodge of a great park where lived my Lord and Lady Cumnor." —*Wives and Daughters.*

Photo by H. Walker.

The Sedan Chair, still preserved at Knutsford.

"If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing; not because sedan-chairs were expensive."—*Cranford.*

she was never quite so much at home in Drumble and elsewhere as in Cranford. With the toils and troubles of the manufacturing classes she had intense sympathy —as one or two of her strongest books clearly show; but she loved to dwell on the simple, yet in some senses subtle, folk whom she knew in childhood. If only the "Amazons" of Knutsford had known at the time the keen observation which was being brought to bear upon them by the pretty, shy child in their midst, and that one day she would put them, with all their idiosyncrasies thick upon them, into a book, the deplorable and never-to-be-sufficiently-censured indelicacy would have seemed more than "not quite" —even to gentle Miss Matty herself.

One could fervently wish to know more of Mrs. Gaskell's youth than has been given to the public. Perhaps, however, a consideration of the few known facts, in their very paucity, conduces to a more diligent—and not altogether wildly imaginative —reading between the lines of her Knutsford books (by which is meant those which have Knutsford as their locale, or into which the place is introduced). Generally, the older one grows the more one's kindliest memories linger on the early scenes of life. It is significant in this connection that Mrs. Gaskell's Knutsford stories were not her earliest, and that her last-written, and alas! never finished, book was based on recollections and later observations of that place. Not that it was with her as it is, unfortunately, with many in whose case the harder experiences of after life cause them to view their earlier days under a glamour of supposed recollection—which is half illusory imagination. In point of fact Miss Stevenson was not as happy as Mrs. Gaskell was. The greatest kindness on the part of relatives and friends can never fill the heart-requirements of a motherless girl, especially such an active-minded and imaginative girl as the subject of this paper. It is a truism that the sorrows of childhood are painfully real—to the child; and it is without surprise that one learns of departures from the house and of hours of solitary misery in the sand-pits and among the whin-bushes of the Heath. Mrs. Gaskell's marriage was remarkably happy, and her domestic life exceedingly so. The scene that fatal Sunday on which she died—in the Hampshire house which she had purchased as a surprise gift to her husband (keeping the "secret" with the mischievous glee of a child), Death suddenly bringing to her a better Sabbath while she was conversing with her three daughters, is touchingly significant. For the associations of her stories there was no need to turn back to a happier past. Yet her affections plainly clung to the little town where she had spent her girlhood.

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The shop in Prince's Street, Knutsford, said to be the original of the shop of Miss Matty in "Cranford."

"It looked into the principal street of Cranford. . . . A very small 'Matilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell tea,' was hidden under the lintel of the new door. . . . Her sales of tea during the first few days had surpassed my most sanguine expectations."—*Cranford.*

While degrees of susceptibility to environment vary, every writer imbibes more or less the influences of early surroundings: though often they lie partially dormant for a while. With Mrs. Gaskell the early leaven did not work at once. On her removal to Manchester ("Drumble," she calls it—and a very capital onomatopoetic word it is!) she was brought into touch with city-dwellers' toils and cares. She threw herself at once into her husband's work in connection with the Cross Street Chapel and in various philanthropic directions, and was touched and pained by what she saw: and her first important work bore the deep impress of her observations. But what personal pathos in the genesis of her first great book! She had lost a son, and, on her husband's recommendation, "to turn her thoughts" she wrote the book, in 1844. It does not say much for the acumen of certain publishers' "readers" that the MS. was returned to her more than once, or that the eventual publisher should have retained it before acceptance so long that, as its authoress said, she "forgot all about it." "Mary Barton" was an immediate hit—"its success was electrical," one said; and attracted to its writer the appreciative attention of many leading literary men, among the rest Carlyle, Thackeray, and Dickens. The latter—"Mr. Boz," as Miss Jenkyns calls him in "Cranford"—was so much impressed that he threw open *Household Words* for anything and everything that the writer of "Mary Barton" cared to contribute—even relaxing in her case his persistent and severe "editing" of contributions. But it is of the Knutsford stories only that this paper treats specifically.

It will be observed that the writer speaks quite confidently concerning Knutsford. As far as the sort of society and life sketched, in "Cranford" for instance, go, almost any small English town in the early Victorian period might fit the description. On the appearance of any popular book claimants to locale and "characters" are never lacking; and the tendency to jealousy which

"Leading Questions."

From "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan.)

is usually manifested in such circumstances caused other places to question the claim of Knutsford to, at any rate, exclusive identification with "Cranford" and with the central stage of "Ruth," and certain other of Mrs. Gaskell's tales. To one who knows his Knutsford, however, and who also knows the tales—and who has even a moderate aptitude for "reading between lines"—there is no room for doubt.

Many influences went to the formation and establishment of Mrs. Gaskell as a writer. Her parentage, on her father's side, was semi-literary, and her husband was a scholarly and literary man of exceptional calibre. Literature was so far in her blood, and met with every encouragement. It is interesting, and constitutes a valuable study, to note the outcroppings of heredity, and the influence of incidents of family history, as well as those of her own early years, in Mrs. Gaskell's books. She had salt in her veins—being of "Viking" descent, as she used smilingly to say. There had been sad family happenings connected with the sea (hence the introduction of "poor Peter," etc.); the early loss of her mother; her experiences as a child in the home of relatives—her cousin being crippled. Her knowledge of a country doctor's position and duties, gathered from her observations of her uncle, Dr. Holland—the Dr. Gibson in "Wives and Daughters," and (in his best traits) the Dr. Morgan in "Mr. Harrison's Confessions," and the prototype of her other "good doctors"; her impressions of the—mainly Amazonian—society of the town: all these things, and many more, have to be taken into account in a study of Mrs. Gaskell's youth. But who could make a cold-blooded "study" of such a woman—or even of such a writer merely? In the more rational, as well as in the more tenderly womanly, of the "Amazons" of "Cranford" one feels that there is a great deal of Mrs. Gaskell herself. As reliable testimony declares—and as, indeed, the bust and bas-relief on the "memorial" (representing their subject at two periods) clearly show—Miss Stevenson was much more than pretty, and so was naturally fitted to sketch those like herself in this respect (a point, by the way, of more significance, and even importance, than some may recognise); possessed of keen powers of observation—as abundantly proved by her sketches, and a very well-developed but kindly sense of humour; having much practical ability; and, to tread on sacred ground somewhat timidly, herself having suffered a mother's greatest sorrow by bereavement, full of knowledgeable sympathy; respecting grief—and even more highly revering the unselfish regard for others which often helps a woman to hide it. But why say more? The reader of the books may be quite sure that they contain a vast deal of Mrs. Gaskell's own views, sentiments, and very nature. Hence one walks the quaintly narrow streets of Knutsford, and looks upon its many corners and nooks—which are yet as Mary Smith knew them, feeling a little overawed by the still intensely "respectable" appearance of the imposing old red-brick residences, in a kind of "personal conducted" way—treading respectfully behind one who knew and loved her Cranford well. Two and two do not *always* make four—except mathematically; but in this case, putting together two and two of things of equal value and importance, an undoubted *four* of identity is the plainly resultant total. So that in Knutsford one feels certain—and very much at home.

Nothing has really yet been said about the place itself—this quaint little Cheshire town which had such educative influence on Mrs. Gaskell: surely almost the least disappointing of English literary shrines. There is no need to do more than mentally remove a few modern obtrusive buildings to see Cranford as it was in the days when ladies went to parties in the "aired" "sedan-chair." Knutsford has had a long and sometimes eventful history. Its visitors have been varied, and some of them noted—from King Canute (if the more commonly believed-in derivation, "Canute's-ford," be accepted) to "Jerusalem Whaley," the Irish sporting "buck" who lies in the churchyard, and who died at the "George," before it became "Royal"—as in "Cranford."

Many of the past happenings at Knutsford would

"Perplexed about the exact path."

From "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan.)

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The Unitarian Chapel, Knutsford, attended by Mrs. Gaskell, and described in "Ruth."

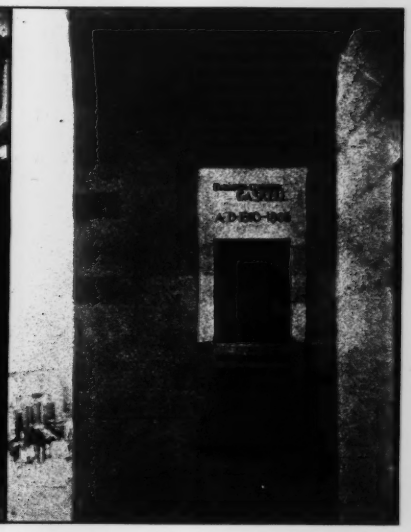
Mrs. Gaskell and her husband are buried in the burial-ground behind the chapel.

appeal to and aid in fostering the romantic in the future writer. For example, the Heath on which the windows of her aunt's house looked had been the scene of a great encampment in 1651, when, in the words of one who wrote his despatch from the spot, the Parliamentarian army of "9,000 Horse and dragoons, and between three and four thousand foot," under General Lambert, were "drawing up at Knutsford moore to wait for them." Curious old customs, too, such as "sanding" at weddings, survived, and still survive. The neighbourhood was full of interest, which she would feel to the full.

In the seventeenth century Knutsford was described as "the principal market town in this hundred—a fine market and pleasantly situated." It was then considered a "town extraordinarily well traded," but its factories are gone, and it is scarcely a commercial centre now—otherwise the world at large would never have known that lesser (and more select) world of "Cranford"; for everybody knows where "trade" stood among the "Amazons." The Hon. Mrs. Jamieson and the rest—especially the soul-above-everything-sordid Mr. Mulliner—would turn in their graves at the idea of the restoration of that seventeenth-century state of things.

It speaks well for the inhabitants of this part of the country that old writers said more of them than of their location; and it is the people of the district who are of principal interest in connection with Mrs. Gaskell's books; though she is not oblivious to the charms of the country and its agricultural productiveness—witness, among other instances, the visit to Mr. Holbrook's farm. Knutsford has not altered much since "Cranford" days, and then had not, in many laudable respects, known much change for some eight hundred years—though in some matters the people had much advanced a long while earlier, having, according to the chronicler, for one thing "builded chimneys." But in their main characteristics, as people, they had rather mellowed than altered, for surely Cranfordians as sketched by Mrs. Gaskell were, in their more lovable characteristics, the true descendants of the Cheshire folk described by shrewd old Lucian the Monk in the eleventh century: "They are found to differ from the rest of the English, partly better, partly equall. In feasting they are friendly, at meat cheerfull, in entertainment liberall, soone angry, and soone pacified, louish in words, impatient of servitude, mercifull to the afflicted, compassionate to the poore, kinde to their kindred, spary of labour, void of dissimulation, not greedy in eating, and far from dangerous practices." All which is verified by Mrs. Gaskell, in the "unsolicited testimonial," so to speak, afforded by "Cranford"—unless the more censorious reader regard the transparent little subterfuges of the poor ladies as indicating that they were not altogether "void of dissimulation." At any rate the Amazons were "free from dangerous practices"—

The Grave of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell in the Unitarian burial ground, Knutsford.



Photos by C. S. Sargisson.

The Mrs. Gaskell Memorial Tower, Knutsford.

Side of the Memorial Tower, showing the Bust of Mrs. Gaskell.

Side of the Memorial Tower, showing the Bas-Relief of Mrs. Gaskell.

except, unwittingly, the young and pretty Amazonettes, if the term be permissible.

It will be observed that the references above have been mostly to "Cranford"; but the reader must be reminded that among the Knutsford stories are "Wives and Daughters," "Ruth" (that sad and touching tale), "Mr. Harrison's Confessions," "Cousin Phillis," etc. But "Cranford" stands out most prominently in the present view. It is a Knutsford tale pure and simple, and undoubtedly represents, with a little "dressing" perhaps, Knutsford female society as Mrs. Gaskell, in the person of Mary Smith, knew it. There may have been dull, uninteresting people in the town; if so they did not stray into the pages of this altogether delightful book. Surely an author may have liberty to pick and choose a little; and readers of "Cranford" will not complain of the selection made. Concerning Miss Matty, in very truth all readers will endorse the sentiment of her chronicler: "We all love Miss Matty, and I somehow think we are all of us better when she is near us." There is little direct moralising in the Knutsford books, and one does not suspect that they were exactly written "with a purpose"—except a sub-conscious one (part of the authoress's own pure and kindly nature), but their "lessons" are powerful, nevertheless.

Of the Knutsford books, all manifesting fruits of the influences and observations of place and people, "Wives and Daughters," as being the maturest of Mrs. Gaskell's writings, is, in some senses, one of the most masterly She did not live to complete it. What of it was written constituted her last word to the reading public—and that last word was, by the locale of the story, spoken from Knutsford. Of "Cousin Phillis" it has been declared that it is "beyond dispute the most perfect of all Mrs. Gaskell's works, and has scarcely been surpassed for combination of the sunniest humour with the tenderest pathos." "Mr. Harrison's Confessions" narrates the experiences, trials (some of them comical enough), and triumphs of a young assistant to the old-established doctor, Knutsford again being the scene. In the various books the little town appears as Cranford, Hollingford, Eccleston, Duncombe. Of course the stories were not actually written on the spot—perhaps a little distance gave a clearer view.

"Cranford" is the "lightest" of the stories, and by far the most "amusing"—the humour is irresistible. But how gentle is the poking of fun at the foibles of the good ladies! The foil not only wears the button, but carries balm thereon—it heals as it touches. One smiles at these good women often with a tear in the eye, and always with warmth at the heart—loving them the more for laughing at them. Miss Matty is as absurd now and then as most of them—though absurd is almost too harsh a word. What could be more smile-provoking than her perturbation over the news of the engagement of Lady Glenmire and Dr. Hoggins, "Two people that we know going to be married. It's coming very near!" or her always lying awake "as a duty" after drinking green tea. And how amusing—touching, too—her little wail at Mr. Holgate's, "I only hope it is not improper: so many pleasant things are"! Could little weaknesses or prim views possibly be touched with a gentler hand? Miss Pole now and then not undeservedly comes in for rather more severe treatment. "My father was a man," said she, "and I know the sex very well," is one of the mildest "pokes." The book is brim-full of fun—from the description of the unfortunate cow which was "looked upon as a daughter," through that of the cat that swallowed Mrs. Forrester's lace collar, to Mr. Peter's grave recital of how he shot "a cherubim" in India—which Mrs. Jamieson rightly regarded as bordering on "sacrilege." The cherubim, by the way, is about the only creature mentioned in the book that was not a bona-fide native or inhabitant of the town. Miss Jenkyns's idea of Dr. Johnson as "a writer of light and agreeable fiction" is delicious. So gentle is the humour which the authoress allows to play upon persons, for a passing moment showing up their

Photo by C. S. Sargisson. **The Angel Hotel, Knutsford.**

"I was anxious, I confess, to ascertain in what manner Captain Brown, with his limited establishment, could receive so distinguished a guest; and I discovered that his lordship retired to rest and, let us hope, to refreshing slumbers, at the Angel Hotel."—*Cranford.*

foibles, that one cannot always avoid feeling that immediately afterwards, on thinking of their other qualities, Mary Smith mentally withdrew the playful remark, as in one case which she cites: "I could only feel very penitent, and greet Miss Jessie with double respect when I met her next." The sketches from life in "Cranford" have been well termed "inimitable pictures," and of the book it has been said by Lord Houghton that it is "the purest piece of humoristic description which has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb." The praise is just, and the comparison apt.

Humour is not lacking in the other Knutsford tales. The "sticklers for propriety" in "Mr. Harrison's Confessions" are as amusing as those in "Cranford" (evidently the same prototypes served for both), and the entanglements and supposed "engagements" of Mr. Harrison are among the most entertaining things that ever came from Mrs. Gaskell's flowing pen. In "Wives and Daughters," too, the aristocrats "talking on stilts," and the other characters—the Doctor's pupils and the rest—acting funnily now and then, each after his or her kind, are sufficiently amusing. "Cousin Phillis," as before remarked, is full of humour. The present purpose in laying stress on this aspect of the Knutsford tales is to call attention to the observation devoted to her surroundings in her early days by their writer, and the very great influence of those surroundings upon her writings.

Not that her observation was one-sided or partial. The pathos in the books, showing a full understanding of the tragedies in everyday life, is touching in the extreme. It is never forced or overdone—the tears fall naturally and inevitably, and are never hopelessly bitter. The brave way in which her women-characters bear misfortune and grief is one of the most striking and helpful things in Mrs. Gaskell's books—"she smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see over the smile not the tears," she said of Miss Matty in her ruin. Assuredly this says much concerning the writer: for such descriptions—natural descriptions of taken-for-granted qualities—of character could only spring from actual possession of such a character. The recesses of a writer's own heart contain even more material for "sketches" than environment ever can afford—though *this* contributes to *that*. This leads up to a remark on which, one trusts, it is not necessary to lay stress as a statement, and even less necessary to illustrate by quotations, viz. that "Cranford" itself is not merely or mainly comedy. It touches the heart as few books do, and he who can read it through dry-eyed is to be pitied. Its admixture is perfect. The other day the present writer watched a girl of twenty or so as she read "Cranford" for the first time. Her face was a study—she was too much absorbed to be cognisant of being observed. She cried while she smiled, and smiles broke through her tears—first one preponderated a little, then the other. She read aright—and will be a Cranfordite for life.

The advent of the unconscious infant that day in 1810 made little stir in Knutsford, but the wholesome writings of the wise and good woman into whom she grew will attract thousands to the little town this year of centenary celebration. In the graveyard of the chapel so graphically and lovingly described in "Ruth"—one of the oldest dissenters' chapels in England, and scarcely at all changed since Matthew Henry's voice was heard from its pulpit (she who said "luckily the congregation had been too poor to rebuild it" would be glad to know that practically it is still unaltered)—many a tribute will be paid to the genius and character of one who made Cranford dear to the whole world. Let there be recognition too of what the place and people of her girlhood's residence did in calling out the gifted girl's observation and thought. The book "Cranford" is no creation—it is a record; touched here and there with light and well-restrained imagination. It might be argued that any place would have served as suggestive environment to one who had such aptitude for seizing on both the outward aspects and the real inwardness of her surroundings and neighbours; but that should not in the slightest degree detract from the interest properly felt in what, as a matter of fact, *were* Mrs. Gaskell's early surroundings, and ought not to lessen grateful recognition of what, equally as a matter of fact, was their influence on her writings.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best four or six lines of original verse expressing the sentiments (humorous or otherwise) of a holiday-maker returning to work.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to ERIC GRANT, of 701, High Road, Tottenham, N., for the following:

THE AWAKENING OF ZOJAS. By MIRIAM MICHELSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

". . . All the fleas in Jewry,
Jumped up and bit like fury."
THACKERAY, *The White Squall.*

We also select for printing:

HOW TO KEEP FIT: AN UNCONVENTIONAL MANUAL. By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Rider.)

"In every weather, every day,
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,
He took to dancing all the way
From Brompton to the City."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(T. E. Casson, Vale View, Pennington, nr. Ulverston.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. (Heinemann.)

"So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!"
THOMAS HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray.*

(Miss W. Bayne Meldrum, Balmungo, Fife, N.B.)

PROMENADES OF AN IMPRESSIONIST. By JAMES HUNEKER. (Werner Laurie.)

"Then, downward from the steep hill's edge,
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone wall."
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

II.—A large number of Anagrams have been sent in for this Competition, but not many that are good. Some of our competitors have sent acrostics (Miss Lilian Baker's acrostic on William De Morgan is very good), but these are not what we asked for. The Prize for the best anagram on any living author has been divided, and we are awarding Two NEW NOVELS to the REV. F. HERN, Rowlands Castle, Hants, and Two NEW NOVELS to E. F. B. MACALISTER, of Torrisdale, Cambridge, for the following:

WILLIAM DE MORGAN—No dim age will mar.
(Rev. F. Hern.)

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON—The Thinker betters logic.
(E. F. B. MacAlister.)

The best of the other anagrams sent in are those received from A. Compton Ellis (Kew Gardens, S.W.), K. Capper (Saffron Waldon), Miss M. Harris (Farnborough), F. Flint (Burnley), Mary G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), Miss B. E. Sturgeon (Ilkley), B. Copland (Hampstead, N.W.), Mary E. Clifford (Sidcup), Chas.

Drawn by George du Maurier. **"Milly, Milly, my little Milly."**
From "Lizzie Leigh, and Other Stories," by Mrs. Gaskell. (Smith, Elder.)

Webb (King's Lynn), Derrick Webb (King's Lynn), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), T. H. B. Tate (Huddersfield), E. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Mabel Webb (King's Lynn), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), D. O. Shepherd (Upper Clapton), J. Gemmell-Knight, Junr. (Liverpool), A. Colling (London, N.), and George Greenwood (Clapham, S.W.).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss CONSTANCE BELLHOUSE, of Langrigg, King's Norton, nr. Birmingham, for the following:

EARLY VICTORIAN. By S. G. TALLENTYRE. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The title of this novel is felicitous, for the story is filled with Early Victorian atmosphere. White muslin, sentiment and an elopement are found within its covers, and there is even a specimen of that extinct creature, the old maid. Such ingredients, with humour, pathos, and sympathy, make an interesting story. The pathos is restrained, however, for the author has a clear artistic vision. The death of the old order and the birth of the new are typified in the old and the young doctors. The book will be enjoyed by lovers of honest work and careful characterisation.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

THE NEGRO IN THE NEW WORLD. By SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON. (Methuen.)

Here is a careful record of the observations of a man who, having already studied negroes at first hand in their native habitat, has now followed them to the lands to which they have been transported. The accounts of their transportation to the several areas, and their development through slavery to present-day freedom, often afford painful reading, particularly to the Anglo-Saxon, but they grip. Facts are offered rather than discussion, and the author is reasonably optimistic for the future, even in the States. The book is enriched by some four hundred photographs, some maps, and a capital index.

(T. G. Tibbey, B.A., 37, Cassland Road, N.E.)

THE DOP DOCTOR. By RICHARD DEHAN. (Heinemann.)

The scene is laid in South Africa. The charm, the expanse, the loneliness of the veldt are magnificently portrayed in the opening chapters, the finest of all, with their great tragedy, and the pathos of the little orphaned girl bearing so pitifully the whole burden of her parents' sin. Then comes the siege of Gueldersdorp and with it the redemption of the Dop or drunkard Doctor, who rises to heroic heights through the faith and trust put in him by the General, a character of great beauty. Two charming little people are the Cockney clerk and his lady-love.

(Anne Higgins, 10, Stanley Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.)

A ROYAL CAVALIER: THE ROMANCE OF RUPERT PRINCE PALATINE. By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This well-balanced study of one of the most adventurous and chequered careers in history is rightly termed a "romance" by the author. If less scholarly than a previous memoir, it is more detailed, the chief new material relating to Rupert's alleged marriage with Francesca Bard. The book contains admirable portraits of the Prince, besides reproductions of his artistic work. As the contents of his library indicate, he was not only a man of action and genius, but of wide cultivation. This account of a many-sided character is interesting throughout. A preface, citing authorities, would enchance its value.

(Evelyn N. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Rev. J. E. Swallow (Newcastle-upon-Tyne), J. E. Greenleaves (Hale, Cheshire), Christabel Dalton (Ramsgate), Miss E. Rippin (Hull), Harold Weston (Russell Square, W.C.), Miss J. Huish (Derby), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Wilfred G. Partington (Birmingham), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Gertrude A. Prinn (Shrewsbury), Constance Kerr (Dirleton), Isabelle Swinscon (Guildford), Enid Morse (Glenshee, N.B.), and Francis Dryden (Wimbledon).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to C. L. ALEXANDER, Bilton, Harrogate.

BALZAC.

By PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THAT of making books about Balzac there should be no end, is itself matter for no surprise. The enormous bulk, the unique quality, and the wide (though not quite proportionately wide) range of the work, with the curious and perhaps never to be certainly grasped character of the man, provide endless opportunities for those who prefer to work independently, and as somebody in a mid-nineteenth century play used to say, "like to create for themselves." On the other hand, the existing multitude and multiplicity of books on the subject makes it perfectly easy for another class of writers to abstract and compile and "re-cook the cabbage."

Without any impoliteness of intention, one may be a little uncertain in which of these two classes to include Mr. Lawton.* The book is dedicated to M. Rodin, "whose statue of Balzac, with its fine synthetic portraiture, first tempted the author to write this book." Putting aside the blessed word "synthetic," it may seem odd that any one should have been first tempted to write about such a writer as Balzac by a portrait. Taking "synthetic" not in its more precious and recondite meanings (or meaninglessnesses), but in the ordinary sense, it would suggest that Mr. Lawton intends an analysis to correspond with M. Rodin's synthesis, though the word then becomes somewhat superfluous as an addition to "portrait."

However this may be, it is avowedly of the man Balzac rather than of his work that Mr. Lawton writes, and perhaps this is as well; for the fragments of criticism which he does give, scattered about the book, as well as a rather nebulous summary at the end, are partly borrowed and not very illuminative. The great fault (to take an instance of his more individual criticism) of the action of *Les Chouans* is not so much that it is "melodramatic" as that it is rather a chain of episodes than an "action" at all. To characterise the remarkable *Répertoire* of MM. Cerfbeer and Christophe as of "doubtful utility" shows a very imperfect conception of the *Comédie* as a whole. There is perhaps no single instance in which what has been—contemptuously and ungratefully, but in too many cases not unjustly—called the "hodman" kind of literary work has been more signally justified. And Mr. Lawton's final remarks show an equally insufficient comprehension—or at least an odd omission to give indication—of the peculiar character of Balzac's creative or mimetic faculty. Its singular "other-worldliness," its unreal reality, its presentation, as it were, of the inhabitants of what has been called a *Balzacium Sidus*—

* "Balzac." By Frederick Lawton, M.A. 15s. net. (Grant Richards, Ltd.)

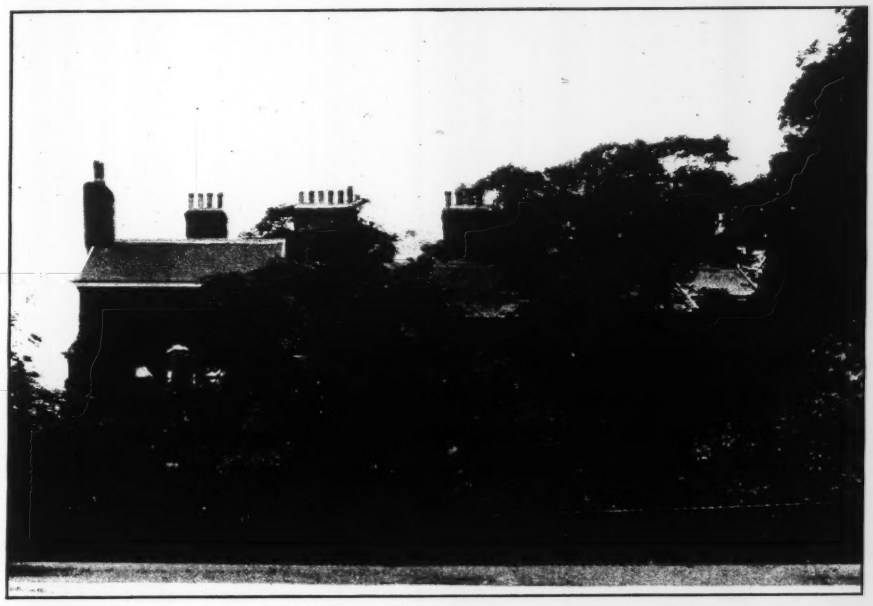


Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

House at Knutsford identified as the house of the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson in "Cranford."

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The Assembly Rooms of the Royal George Hotel, Knutsford,

in which Signor Brunoni, the magician, performed under the patronage of the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson.

"I chanced to go into the George (my Betty has a second cousin there, and I thought Betty would like to hear how she was) and, not seeing any one about, I strolled up the staircase, and found myself in the passage leading to the Assembly Room (you and I remember the Assembly Room, I am sure, Miss Matty! and the *menuets de la cour!*)."—Miss Pole in *Cranford*.

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The Old Rectory, Knutsford.

The Rectory is the house on the extreme left.

"The Rectory was a very old house, steps up into a room, steps down into a room, all through."—*Cranford.*

possible and coherent, but almost as different from the actual Earth as Mars or Neptune could be—finds no recognition from Mr. Lawton, at least none recognisable in its turn by the present reviewer. Jules Janin was not a very great critic; but except where he let his ignorance and his imagination run in a curricle and carry him away, he was a shrewd and sensible one. He may not have known the full bearing of his words when he spoke—in a passage quoted by Mr. Lawton—of Balzac's "peculiar world which he alone can interpret." But if he did not, he uttered the truth, and nearly the whole truth, without knowing it.

However, Mr. Lawton has expressly put the man before the work, and we need say no more of his literary criticism, except to make favourable comment on his notices of the dramatic part, which are fuller than usual. As biography merely, his book may interest not a few readers for the very reason that he has laid strong stress on the anecdotic side. Some students of Balzac have felt obliged to take the statements of the publisher Werdet with so many grains of salt, that on the whole they have preferred not to take them at all, or very seldom. Mr. Lawton (not, it is true, without some warning) draws upon them freely. He seems to have neglected none of the chief authorities from Madame Surville to M. de Lovenjoul. The result is a book which should interest those who do not know the facts already; and which has, even for those who do know them, the attraction of a large selection of illustrations—some of them from not generally known portraits, caricatures, and pictures or engravings of scenes.

How far Mr. Lawton's presentation of his hero is complete, accurate, or just would be a long question to debate, and could only end in an expression of opinion after all. It is, however, evident that the publication of the Letters to Madame Hanska has not produced on him as favourable an effect in regard to Balzac himself as it has had on some people. Of course, if you lay individual stress on some of his expressions to and about his mother, his sister, and almost everybody—if you view his conduct to others with the austere eyes of a purely moral judge—you may, and almost must, decide that M. de Balzac was a bad sort of person. If you take him on the less obtrusive "angles of the moral oxygen," you may perhaps be a little more merciful. Mr. Lawton himself does to some extent see that Balzac was a sort of giant-baby; but he does not seem fully to allow, either in regard to the life or in regard to the literature, for the way in which "Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher" on the one hand, and the way in which the toddling of the baby interferes with the spread of those wings on the other. He has also perhaps put some unnecessary formal obstacles in the path of readers who might not necessarily be offended by his general scheme and conception. He has adopted—in accordance with a principle now almost universal in America and (with the general drop of education) becoming too frequent in England—a system of almost universal translation of titles and the like. This sometimes leads only to oddities like *The House of the Tennis-playing Cat*, which, though ugly, do not very much matter. "A *Shady* Affair" for "Une *Ténébreuse* Affaire" imports a shade which Balzac did not at all intend. But when "*Lettres à l'Etrangère*" become "Letters *to the Stranger*" things become more serious. In the first place the uninstructed reader loses the fact that "Etrang*er*" is rather "foreigner" than "stranger"; in the second he loses the much more important fact of the foreigner's sex. He can supply it, of course, from other information in the text; but the translation remains a mis-translation. Not that Mr. Lawton is ignorant of French—it is in regard to English that he comes short. Large portions of his book read as if they had been written in French itself and clumsily rendered into our tongue. "King 'Sun'" is a very awkward translation of "*le Roi Soleil*": English analogy requires "the Sun-King." When we read that somebody, in regard to Balzac's father, "*relates that* he united in himself the Roman, the Gaul, and the Goth," we are not so much inclined to smile at the genuinely French exaggeration as to grumble at the misuse of "relate." "It surprises at first sight to read" has dropped an "us" or a "one" somewhere. "Who gives the poet her heart and person, *yet he sharing* the second with the rich Carminot," records an ugly transaction in almost uglier words. A house is an odd sort of "pall" ("the abode which the other had prepared with such lavish attention and expenditure to serve him only as a *pall*"). "It seemed, after all, he would return to Paris *under his shield*" is a puzzling sentence. One has heard of "manful under shield" and of "returning with the shield or upon it," but the new combination is singular. "Crick" is a place near Rugby, and difficult to work in between Vierzschovnia and Dresden: but the exercise of robust intelligence suggests that with a small *c*, though it usually signifies an unpleasant affection of the neck, it may mean "screw-jack" or something of that sort, and so represent the original French word *cric*. It might be wiser, in a book which contains a large selection of Balzac's undoubted indulgence in catachresis, mixed metaphor, and clumsy phrase of various kinds, to abstain from sentences like the following: "Here it is that his romanticist origins reappear rankly like weeds, giving us factitious melodrama that accords ill with his sober harvest of actuality." Without wishing to "split cummin" one may rather wonder to find Greuze and Fragonard mentioned as characteristic painters of the First Empire, may desire something altered in "Madame d'Arnim's '*Bellina*,'" and may think that "a poet friend of his named Méry" argues rather insufficient general acquaintance with the French literature of the mid-nineteenth century. But these things are of no great importance. And to be brought into acquaintance with Balzac—as not a few readers will no doubt be brought by Mr. Lawton's book—is a matter of very great importance indeed.

New Books.

"THE MARVELLOUS BOY." *

To re-tell yet once again, and with great wealth of detail, the oft-told story of Chatterton's life is a task which might well seem to betoken some temerity in the undertaker. But Mr. Ingram's volume is amply justified by the fresh light which it throws upon one of the most remarkable characters in literary history. Chatterton, as Mr. Ingram points out, has been singularly unfortunate in his biographers. Even those who, like the late Prof. Wilson, wrote of him sympathetically, carelessly accepted untrustworthy statements, took little trouble to sift their materials, and continually leapt from unsound premisses to incorrect conclusions. Mr. Ingram's aim has been to brush away the accumulated errors of his predecessors, to separate fact from downright falsehood and mere conjecture, and, by keeping close to the available documents, to produce a plain, ungarbled account of Chatterton's career. His book is marked by industry and painstaking effort to get at the truth; and though we must be permitted in passing to regret that in method and style it falls considerably short of the standard of ideal biography, its matter is of the utmost value. It will now undoubtedly be regarded as the authoritative work on the subject.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Ingram's researches do not touch the main facts of Chatterton's life, the broad outlines of which indeed remain so little modified under his hands that some preliminary acquaintance with the particular points of controversy is required to enable one to estimate the real significance of his record. Many details of his book will therefore have greater interest for the special student than for the general reader. Certain matters, however, stand out, the importance of which even the general reader will be quick to appreciate. There is, for example, the new interpretation which Mr. Ingram gives us of Chatterton's relations with William Barrett, the Bristol surgeon and antiquary, who figures so largely in the narrative of the lad's first attempts at the fabrication of mediæval manuscripts. It has been taken for granted by one writer after another that Barrett was Chatterton's dupe, that like the rest of the readers of *Felix Farley's Journal* he was hoaxed by the Rowleian account of the opening of the old Bristol Bridge, and that he used in his history the materials furnished by the scrivener's apprentice with full belief in their authenticity. Mr. Ingram boldly challenges this traditional view, and I think with success. His contention is that Barrett was not the dupe of Chatterton, but in large measure his accomplice. It is, indeed, too much to say that he absolutely proves this view—since all our information on the matter comes from Barrett, proof is out of the question; but he makes out a very strong presumptive case for it. He notes the facts, the bearings of which have hitherto been overlooked, that Barrett connived with his young friend in the concoction of the famous "De Berghem" pedigree to the extent of translating the Latin epitaphs and old French mottoes which Chatterton incorporated in it, and that he tampered with the spelling of the Rowley "transcripts" in order to give them a more archaic appearance. The inferences which Mr. Ingram draws from these facts to the discredit of Barrett will hardly fail to carry conviction. He also shows that Barrett must at least have suspected the nature of the Rowley materials which Chatterton provided at his request, and that it was only self-interest which impelled him to hold his peace. The currently accepted version of Barrett's influence on the boy's character and life has thus to be completely revised in the light of Mr. Ingram's inquiry. In his pages Barrett appears, not as a well-meaning, credulous friend of a clever boy who repaid his kindness with deception, but as an unscrupulous man of the world who exploited that boy for his own purposes and in various ways exercised a profoundly evil influence on his mind.

Of even greater general interest is Mr. Ingram's treatment of the still difficult question of Chatterton's relations with Horace Walpole. Here, it is true, he has no new materials to adduce, nor has he any fresh suggestions to make concerning the meaning of the facts with which every student of Chatterton is familiar. But his very full and straightforward narrative serves to bring all these facts into clear relief. He handles Walpole very severely, but not a whit too severely, save that (and this is a mere detail) he makes too much of the trickery employed in the publication of "The Castle of Otranto"; and in passing judgment upon him he is on the whole perfectly just:

"To blame Walpole for not assisting the youth to put the Rowley romance before the public is," he

* "The True Chatterton: A New Study from Original Documents." By John H. Ingram. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The alleged portrait of Chatterton.

From an engraving after N. C. Branwhite.
From "The True Chatterton," by John H. Ingram. (Fisher Unwin.)

well says, "absurd; but for the man's cowardly, mean, untruthful attack upon Chatterton's reputation, after the lad's death, all fair-minded persons must hold him in contempt. To blame him for not helping, or even for not encouraging the young poet in seeking a literary career is uncalled for. What renders his conduct fairly loathsome is the cruel, the heartless way in which, to palliate his own behaviour towards him, he did all he could after the lad's death to misrepresent his actions, defame his character, and belittle the value of his works."

Prof. Wilson's account of this tangled case is far more favourable to Walpole, and it should, therefore, be reconsidered by the reader of the present book. But no defence will, I think, avail to turn the edge of Mr. Ingram's criticism.

It is to be regretted that while Mr. Ingram's volume has such substantial value as a record of biographical facts, it should contribute so little of importance to the purely literary side of its subject. It contains some hitherto unpublished matter from Chatterton's pen, including one long poem, "The Exhibition," which is now for the first time printed almost in full—not quite in full, because Mr. Ingram has deemed it wise to omit a few lines here and there which, in Prof. Wilson's phrase, show "that the precocious boy was only too conversant with forbidden things." This poem is mainly interesting as an illustration of the lad's extraordinary worldly sagacity (a thing in its way as astonishing as his poetic genius) and of the readiness and skill with which he caught the manner and style of eighteenth-century satire. Otherwise I do not see that it does much to increase our appreciation of the work which Chatterton produced in his own name; and in my personal judgment the importance of that work (the "African" poems always excepted) is much over-rated. In his own literary comments and interpretations, Mr. Ingram contents himself for the most part with the re-statement of what are now the commonplaces of the critics. In what he says about the literary aspect of the Rowley romance, for example, he simply follows Prof. Skeat. He could not of course have chosen a safer guide, for Prof. Skeat's well-known essay contains an exhaustive analysis of Chatterton's procedure in the creation of the Rowley poems and their pseudo-antique dialect. Yet there are points at which even this essay may be supplemented. I take as an instance the question of the ten-line stanza, rhyming *a b a b b c b c d d*, which is the most important of the various forms used in the Rowley poems. Prof. Skeat incorrectly supposes that this is a direct modification of the Spenserian stanza, and declares that its invention showed Chatterton's originality. Mr. Ingram repeats this, adds on his own account that "the invention of a new metre is a rare feat," and, like Prof. Skeat, falls into the mistake of asserting that Chatterton employs this stanza in both the poems on "The Battle of Hastings." Now there is really nothing very remarkable about the invention of this stanza. A ten-line modification of the Spenserian stanza, rhyming *a b a b c d c d e e*, had been introduced by Prior, and had been employed by more than one writer after him. This is the stanza which Chatterton adopts in the first version of "The Battle of Hastings," and only a very slight change in the rhyme-scheme was needed to produce the peculiar form which he struck out in his second version. This is indeed a very small matter, but it is one concerning which it is just as well to be correct; and it is a pity that Mr. Ingram did not take the opportunity of setting it right.

On the great problem of the psychology of the Rowley forgeries Mr. Ingram leaves us pretty much where we were. He dwells on the very practical considerations which must have weighed with Chatterton when, wildly ambitious of literary fame, he resolved to achieve by strategy what he knew he could not hope to gain by direct assault. To ignore this phase of the matter is idle, and Mr. Ingram therefore does well to insist upon it. But the fact remains that the Rowley myth had taken shape in Chatterton's mind before he conceived the idea of turning it to practical use. In his account of the genesis of this myth Mr. Ingram evidently draws largely upon Mr. Watts-Dunton's theory of "artistic identification." There is a great deal in Mr. Watts-Dunton's brilliant essay which seems to me over-wrought and fantastic. Yet he probably touches the heart of the mystery when he interprets Chatterton's dramatic mediævalism as, in origin, the day-dreams of a boy of romantic temper and abnormally powerful imagination. This is a question on which, however, much remains to be said.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

FROM THE HALF-DECK.*

Nearly all books of the sea are written when the author has "swallowed the anchor," and left watch-and-watch and the vicissitudes of seafaring behind him. It is largely for this reason that Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" holds its classic eminence among the chronicles of voyages; it is a diary, posted up from day to day in the forecastle while the life of ship-board was present and vital to the writer. The author of "The Brassbounder" has written, I believe, in his chief officer's berth on board an Anchor Liner; and he has produced a book of unusual quality, both in respect of its substance and its manner. Not only does he furnish a fine picture of life aboard the Glasgow barque, *Florence*, now rotting in dock till her time shall be ripe to go alongside the knacker's wharf, but he writes with a distinguished lucidity, a humanity like the atmosphere of a "happy ship," when "the crowd" has shaken down in its place and there is peace fore and aft.

A brassbounder is an apprentice on a merchant vessel, the boy who in due course, when his time is served and his examinations passed, will become second mate, mate and master. His quarters are in the half-deck, usually the after deck-house, and if he has not as brisk a tradition as his Navy equivalent, the midshipman, it is not that he lacks the quality so much as the chronicler who shall do for him what Marryat did for the "sucking Nelsons" of his day. But in his own world he has not failed to make his mark. Mr. Bone shows us his old captain talking over the rail to the master of the *Toreador*, berthed at the same wharf in San Francisco. He had trouble enough, he said, "to get the young sodgers to learn to splice a rope, cross a royal yard, and steer the ship decently, let alone the trouble of keeping them out of the store-room," and that he'd "nae doot but they'd learn navigation—in guid time."

The voyage of the *Florence* was from the Clyde to San Francisco, and thence home to Falmouth for orders, and finally to Sligo to discharge cargo. She had such a crew as one may find any day in a hundred fo'c'sles of sailing-ships, with perhaps a stronger leaven of Scotchmen than is common. Mr. Bone makes one know them as one comes to know ship-mates; he paints them in deftly in their habit as they lived, from the first-voyager, Munro, to the fine figure of the Old Man—the finer that he is bare of heroics. Then there is the old seaman, Martin, the "hard case," at once crafty and childishly simple, who keeps a diary and a ledger by notches in a stick.

"He was an old man, none knew how old. The kindly clerks in the shipping office had copied from one discharge note to the other when 'signing him on,' and he stood at fifty-eight on our articles; at sixty, he would never have got a 'sight' (a chance of employment). He talked of old ships long since vanished from the face of the waters; if he had served on these he must have been over seventy years. Sometimes, but only to favoured shipmates, he would tell of his service aboard a Yankee cruiser when Fort Sumter fell, but he took greater pride in having been bo'sun of the famous *Sovereign of the Seas*.

"'Three hundred an' seventy miles,' he would say; 'that was 'er day's travellin'. That's what I calls sailin' a ship.

* "The Brassbounder." By David W. Bone. 6s. (Duckworth & Co.)

None o' yer damn "clew an' clew down," but give 'er th' ruddy canvas an'—let 'er go, boys!'"

Mr. Bone makes most of the captain. He has a really memorable episode when the *Florence*, with a muddle-headed coast pilot on board, weathers the Stags, when the Old Man "backs his ship" against a worthless pilot. It is a fine dash to seaward, with the lea rail trailing under and the canvas booming, with the swell rolling her down to leeward and the moonlit rocks and tall surf close under her bow. It was a time of dread suspense, minutes crowded into heart-beats; aft at the weather rail of the poop the sturdy homely figure of the captain, Old Jock, stood to see his ship through it. She did it; she weathered the Stags. "And, high above the tumult of the waters and the loud glad cries of us, the hoarse, choking voice of the man who had backed his ship. 'Done it, ye bitch!'—a now trembling hand at his old grey head. 'Done it! Weathered—by God!'"

It is the book of a man who not only knows the sea, but feels it and loves it with the tempered and discriminating love of a sailor. It is a thing which waited to be done, and is here done admirably, with a moderation and sympathetic insight which promise much for the books which are yet to be written in the chief officer's berth of the Anchor Liner *Massilia*. It is good news that such a book is now under way.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THREE MODERN SEERS.*

Mrs. Havelock Ellis's three seers are James Hinton, Nietzsche, and Mr. Edward Carpenter. Her attitude is that of admiring but intelligent showman, and she writes particularly for those unfamiliar with these three. The papers were originally delivered as lectures, and they are carelessly written, so that sometimes her words are so general and vague as to mean very little, as in:

"Love as Hinton viewed it—that is, a love of the body and the spirit—is the highest thing we know of yet. We are so absorbed in sifting moralities and crudities in this matter that the mysticism is ignored."

The fault so obvious in the second sentence is the chief one in the book. Otherwise it is a very good book, of the kind we are apt to praise as stimulating. Certainly it is full of sincere and astonishing thoughts on subjects that are unimportant to nobody who reads. Hinton, for example, was a man of genius, with the temperament of genius, if anything, over-developed. He has been bespattered with terms like "polygamist" because he had a high sense of things, and almost no sense of any conventional and third-hand opinion of things. "We *are* in the spiritual and eternal world," he wrote; "there is no other in which we can be, for there is no other." And he meant exactly what he said; only not being an artist he said it in an abstract and lifeless manner. He could not write, but he had a gift of speech, of fearless and incontinent speech, and evidently he ought to have been Boswellised. He was one of those brilliant and nervous modern men who are sick of customs and laws, and dream of a human beauty of life as "natural" as that of the animals, and yet needing no retrogression to attain. He desired "a splendid combination of the liberty and unself-consciousness of the animal with the educated conscience and consciousness of the man or the over-man"; so speaks Mrs. Ellis. "The law is, have no law," says Hinton himself. He hated ascetic and sensualist equally, and he was not afraid of pleasure; but first it must be preceded by love and so become joy. His ideal state would be that of a man who could so live that he would be able

* "Three Modern Seers." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. 3s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

Frederick Nietzsche.
From "Three Modern Seers," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

to obey his impulses. He might have said what Mr. Carpenter has said:

"For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil, if it hath mastery over a man;

"And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at.

"The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil;

"But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection."

Mrs. Ellis will probably make some admirers for Mr. Carpenter, for she quotes some admirable things from him. I have a feeling that he is a second-hand seer, for he says much that is in the air, and he says it without the force of an original. He has the tenderness of the greatest of prophets, but not his economy or his freshness or his stark and innocent simplicity. Yet Mr. Carpenter's case may be found in Maurice Bucke's book on Cosmic Consciousness, as one who has had the ecstasy and the revelation.

All these three men have had a revelation. They are not above argument, but beyond it. They have seen and know. There are phrases in all of them, especially in Nietzsche, which the reader perceives to have the power of stimulating—but whom?

"We see them all so excellently fair,
We see, not feel, how beautiful they are!"

They cannot stimulate any one who has not had the vision himself. They can only be interesting to others who have a purely intellectual curiosity. Any one who has not intellectual curiosity, or has not somehow or another had the vision, might read Hinton until his beard grew down to his feet, and he would be none the wiser; in fact, he would be less wise, for a man reading in this manner is deaf and blind to everything that might concern and might rouse him. Most men in this condition have heard the leading thoughts of Hinton and Nietzsche and Carpenter before; and when they see them again they can only ask, How is a man who cannot put food into his mouth without wondering what effect it is going to have, how is such a man to attain to the unconsciousness of an animal? Yet they go on buying these great men's books and marking them reverently. By-and-by they come to the subject of the mystery of pain, and they read and believe that man develops through pain,

that pain is an instrument of human progress. Perhaps one such man will rise up and shake the dust of his own house off his feet and go about through the world looking for something and find—at any rate pain, and perhaps pity for the undeserving poor. And all the rest who read that same book will merely have had their ears tickled, except the book-makers, who will take out some beautiful extracts and get money for them, more money than the author. It is a strange spectacle, and one which Mrs. Ellis's book offers in its most picturesque form, because she herself is a reader who appears to have had half a revelation in addition to a lively, trained human intelligence.

EDWARD THOMAS.

RECENT POETRY.*

A conviction of the presence of poetry is, in the last resort, the only evidence that can be offered of its existence. Like a disembodied spirit it will not consent to reveal itself until the observer is all but actively *en rapport*. But, again like a disembodied spirit, it may be hovering near and the sense hopefully bent on its discovery be too dim, too sophisticated to detect its influence. That is a possibility every critic is compelled to defy.

In Mr. Mackereth's poems the reader becomes aware, if not of poetry purely and completely visible, at least of a charged atmosphere. He finds himself straying on the borderland, hopeful that at any moment poetry may reveal itself.

> "Through mullioned window open to the night
> The violin hath wailed along the snow,
> And tingled in the nerves of frosty woods. . . ."

Some particularly fascinating thing, we feel, might well have followed after such an opening as this—something, however, that does not actually follow in the poem from which these lines are taken. On almost every page of this volume fall such hints. Mr. Mackereth's world is certainly not that of every-day. His "Lion" is as unusual a conception as Blake's "Tiger," but for very different reasons. It is an astounding mingling of grandeur and commonplace; a beast that in one line has the blaze of a tropical sun on its flanks, and in another the dust of a rarely visited museum.

> "His lithe mass, rhythmic as a wave,
> Sank rigid, to a passion wrought;
> He seemed some splendid sin, a brave
> Embodiment of treacherous thought
> In threatening guise there. . . .
> No doubt had I, nor any fear:
> I stepped the gorgeous creature near
> And plucked his wig. . . ."

And so it is with all Mr. Mackereth's verse. It proves him to be the possessor of a quick eye for beauty, of imagination and sensitiveness. It repeatedly echoes great work, yet still remains undeniably his own. And all the time he is the helpless sport of such a banality as that "wig." He cannot resist his remarkably fluent vocabulary. His thought bobs like a cork on a torrent of words. And for the most part his poems come to an end, like an April shower, not because the cloud of enthusiasm and delight is emptied of its content, but because it has blown over. His fantasy obeys no laws, has no organic limitations. His volume reveals none the less energy, originality, and abundance. Let him but acquire the power to master them, refuse to give rein, and he might well fulfil the hope he so frequently awakens here, and almost as frequently disappoints.

Mr. Dunning's play is in everything the antithesis of all this. From beginning to end it is in harmony and keeping. The verse is quiet and full and controlled. Its beauty is equally diffused, and no sudden jar or clash rouses the reader from the dream drawn about him. But it is a dream that grows monotonous. The play is too inspontaneous. It is tyrannised over by its style. It has not, after so much care, regained its freshness. Its characters are the feeble hallucinatory sport of, rather than rebels against, circumstance. Calamity is their native air. They wait on fate, and fate is extremely uninventive in their despatch. Apart from these defects in his work considered as drama, there is real vision in Mr. Dunning's verse, diligent art, and a strain of beauty not less delightful for being slightly suggestive of "Celticism," and therefore not peculiarly his own.

> "I will have done with questionings of fate
> And for the need of pardon from one dead,
> I will walk now the purple meadows dim
> Lit with unearthly fire and sunless flame
> Where feet fall soundless under songless trees
> And horses of the dark king pause and graze. . . ."

This passage strikes no definitely new note in poetry; but its visionary beauty springs direct from the writer's mind.

Mr. Manning's "Poems" is a collection containing a few that have already appeared in the *English Review* and elsewhere. The volume does not, we think, as a whole prove the possession of quite so vivid and rich a gift for verse as was evident in the author's "Scenes and Portraits" for prose. Irony, wit, an unusually wide erudition—all conspicuous features in Mr. Manning's imaginative prose studies—would be of course rather dangerous encumbrances in poetry. One or two of these poems certainly recall the imaginative splendour, ease, and vigour of "The King of Uruk," but for the most part they are graceful, lightly poised lyrics which (and in particular those in the series entitled "Les heures isolées") in their rhythm and metrical form follow French rather than English models. The best of these float so airily and seem so immaterial that even the beauty they call up is apt to be lost in delight of their delicacy and finish. And it may be in part the craft of many of these poems, as for example, that of the extremely deft and ingenious "April Dance Song," that gives them sometimes an air of their having been written more for the manner's sake than for what they have to express. Whether or no, the following sonnet, like also "La Toussaint" and "Kore," and one or two other poems, carries with it a depth and fulness of feeling not always so unmistakably present in the rest of the volume.

DEATH AND NATURE.

> "When my poor bones are hearsed in quiet clay,
> And final sleep hath sealed my wondering eyes,
> The moon as now will sail through tranquil skies;
> The soft wind in the meadow-grasses play;
> And sacred Eve, with half-closed eyelids, dream;
> And Dawn, with rosy fingers, draw the veils
> Of silver from her shining face; and gales
> Sing loudly; and the rain from eaveshoots stream
> With bubbling music. Seek my soul in these;
> I am a part of them; and they will keep
> Perchance the music which I wrought with tears.
> When the moon shines above the silent trees
> Your eyes shall see me; and when soft as sleep
> Come murmurs of the rain, ah, bend your ears!"

Mr. Watson's verse in "Sable and Purple" is no less rotund, deliberate, and oracular than his admirers are accustomed to expect his verse to be. Mr. Watson has so sedulously cultivated this stateliness of style that it is now a second nature; and that is generally an even more arbitrary thing than nature itself. It almost inevitably follows that an impressive pomp of words will occasionally conceal a not particularly impressive thought. We are invariably in presence of the prophet's mantle, but have at times to look a little more closely to make sure of the prophet himself. And on these occasions the reader feels rather like a peccable child invited into the company of the

* "A Son of Cain." By James A. Mackereth. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"Hyllus, a Drama." By Ralph Cheever Dunning. 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Poems." By Frederic Manning. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)—"Sable and Purple." By William Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

unmistakably and formidably adult. It would be impossible to dissent from most of Mr. Watson's sentiments without imperilling some essential ingredient in the make-up of a reasonable and reputable being—one's sobriety of mind, or reverence, or racial propriety. Not to be able to dissent, however, is a short cut to heresy. And it need not be merely a defect in the reader's mind if he is tempted to pine sometimes in Mr. Watson's poetry for a trace of the erratic, the paradoxical, a hint of wild realism, or of an imagination not absolutely under control. It is an inhuman thing to be satisfied with anything good unless it hints at something beyond itself and something better. But very few indeed are the poets who have been as admirably and zealously faithful to their ideal of style and of what poetry should strive to accomplish as Mr. Watson.

> "For I did grieve to think how these rough coasts,
> That all too often have let in the foe,
> Should be so apt at keeping out the friend,
> Him that hath gifts for us, right worthy word
> And highborn thought; or skill to raise aloft
> Minsters that usher into heaven the mind;
> Or music, of such sort that while it peals
> In a man's breast, no baseness there can live.
> And greatly hath it pleased me to have seen
> My people hotter in the love of song,
> And of that sweetest craft of song-making. . . ."

Only the last of the poems in this very slender volume is a little contentious and fretful. It rather partially and unconvincingly expresses convictions unquestionably sincere.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

"ON THE DEEP ROLLING TIDE."

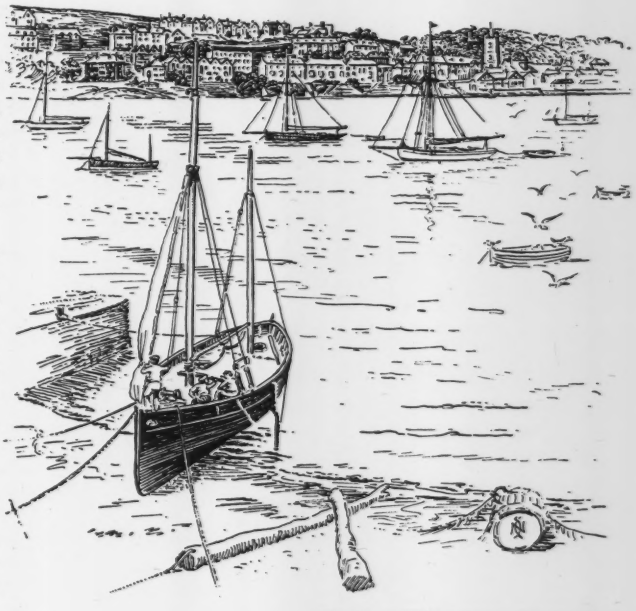
Putting aside all temptations to write of how the sea draws most men to her, sooner or later; how we are, or are not, a nation of sea-lovers even where we are not seafarers, and other preambles of a stiff and serious kind, let us say that here we have a four-decker. And on the top we naturally have the promenade deck, where cheery words and smiles and fine clothes are heard and seen in light weather; and where the place is like a watery desert, with an occasional wayfarer, when heavy seas are running, and there is a nor'easterly or nor'westerly bite in the whistling breeze. Well, it is somewhat in this sense that Mr. Keble Chatterton's log * of the saucy *Vivette* appeals to us. For, sprightly though she could be, she could also bear more punishing than the average packet of her kind—her wise skipper saw to that; easily as he spins his Odyssey, as all such yarns should be spun, with an ever-open eye and a touch of sympathy for beauties and points of interest afloat and ashore, it is plain to see that in her run from Burnham to Falmouth and back to the Solent she had to get through some bad weather.

In fact, Mr. Chatterton says, in his preparations for the expedition—and it is here in particular that his fellow amateurs will be best advised in following the course he has set—"She must be comely in appearance, with plenty of freeboard, and a nice comfortable little cabin below. Primarily she was to be a good bad-weather craft, with the best possible speed that could be obtained when the other conditions had been fulfilled." She also had to be of a rig and size so that two men could easily handle her. To this end Mr. Chatterton selected a sloop, and "the value of carrying a considerable amount of internal ballast, instead of having it all on the keel, was proved over and over again down Channel. . . . Although *Vivette* was surprisingly fast, she had a full-bodied design that materially assisted her stability. . . . Only twenty-five feet over all and twenty-one feet on the water line, she measures an extreme beam of seven and a half feet. . . . Her draught of four feet three inches enables her to get a good grip on the water, yet to enter many snug little creeks which would be impossible to deeper draught vessels." Her stern and sternpost were of English oak, timbers and keel of American elm (of which the Yankee "skyscrapers" were mostly built prior to the War of Secession, when those clippers were seen in every important harbour in the world), and she was planked with yellow pine. She carried two tons of outside and one of inside ballast, was a four-tonner according to Thames measurement, but as roomy below as many seven-tonners are. She had cutaway bows, which certainly give a grace of appearance to any craft. As for her after part, Mr. Chatterton shows his seamanship in this one observation: "To have had the long overhanging counter that one sees on so many of the pretty toys of the Solent would have been utterly out of place both in a following sea (giving it an opportunity of lifting the stern up and depressing the bows) and in occasions when, pitching fore and aft in the trough of the Channel, the stern comes down with an alarming crash on the wave." This does not give away all Mr. Chatterton's fine points of seamanship, nor half of them; they are just enough to show all who would adventuring go in the same way that the best thing they can do at the outset is to get this book and learn from it far more than we have space to quote. They will also find that the log makes very pleasant reading on the whole, with nothing in it to claim particular literary distinction nor any straining after effect of any sort. As for the numerous illustrations, which were made by the "mate" of the *Vivette*, they are a separate delight such as one gets in very few books in these days of the ubiquitious camera. We cannot praise them too much.

This book * represents our second or working deck; and a fine one, indeed, it is, as some of our readers will probably know. It is a reprint, and so far as we can see a condensation—although no hint is given of either—of Admiral Kennedy's three-decker memories. A detailed review would therefore be out of place; but we may assure all those to whom the book is unknown, and who love

* "Down Channel in the *Vivette*." By E. Keble Chatterton. With a Frontispiece in Colour and 50 Illustrations by Norman S. Carr. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

* "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor! Fifty Years in the Royal Navy." By Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B. 2s. net. (Nash.)



Fowey Harbour, from the Polruan side.

From "Down Channel in the *Vivette*," by E. Keble Chatterton. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

the lively, saltily presented doings of a notable seaman, that they could not spend two shillings to better advantage than in the purchase of this volume. It is particularly worthy of remembrance by all who are in the habit of giving books to boys at Christmas time.

Here * we are on a sort of mess deck, in the second dog-watch and fine weather, where jokes, "tall" yarns of the merry sort, and general good fellowship dominate all else. And how could it be otherwise when the ingenious skipper Spink is at the forefront of it all? One so easily recollects "Cap'n Spink of Gloster, where all the best men come from"—the man "whose nature was against him," who, in spite of his inherent geniality, could not carry a mate or second mate whom he could "lick," for the simple reason that where other masters grumbled he fought and officers left. We remember his gay doings in Mr. Roberts's 1908 book; and here he is again, fresh, welcome, irresistible and improbable as ever. But what does the improbability matter when everything goes so buoyantly on the rippling waters of broad humour?—Nothing. So it is that we laugh and laugh again at the way in which Cap'n Spink gets his chief mate out of the toils of a Philadelphia husband-hunter, and falls into them himself; also at the manner of his getting out again, and at his "ingenuity" when running *contrabandista* in the Far East. But, possibly, the best yarn in the strand is "The Tale of Billy-be-Damned." Yet this is matter of personal liking, where everything is pretty even, and the whole book is a merry antidote to a wet afternoon.

Then we come to the bottom deck † of all. What, verse? Well, yes. All literature began in a rude sort of chanted verse; so let the simile stand. To this Mr. Masefield gives us an Introduction, which is really of more count than the 32 pp. of verse that follow it. After telling the reader the derivation of the word "buccaneer," to which the average reader will pay no heed, and how those nautical free-booters came into existence, he writes truly:

> "They were in the main a hardy, ignorant, drunken company of knaves, of whom the world is long since happily rid. For the last hundred years they have exercised the English poetical imagination. This is not because the poets have counted them worthy of honour; but because much nineteenth-century poetry is the cry of rebels, who find (? found) in the buccaneer, what no buccaneer had the wit to find in himself, a symbol of protest against convention. Some poets have found in him a symbol of that desire for escape which is one of the marked mental traits of the modern sedentary city dweller. His position in poetry is unimportant. A ruffian without intelligence is no fit subject for so divine an art. [This is a truism which Mr. Visiak should take to heart.] But to young writers, vivid external images are always strongly attractive, if not compelling. It is only in maturity, after the trying of many roads, that life can be judged, and subject consciously selected."

To much of this one must say, earnestly, "Amen." But we venture to think that Mr. Masefield stretches the point when he states that the English poetical imagination has been exercised on buccaneers during the past hundred years. What *poets* have been so occupied? With the exception of Byron's "Corsair," and a few other efforts of the same sort but of no account, we cannot at the moment call to mind anything that a nineteenth-century *poet* did in this way. Nor did Byron make his buccaneer at all like the real ones of West Indian seas; with all his invectiveness and his rebellion against convention he was too much of an artist, of a fully equipped poet, to commit so crude an error.

As to Mr. Visiak's "ballads"—few, indeed, of which are ballads—there is but little fault to find with the versification. His small presentments of the pirates are more terse than story like, more poetical—without any touch of true poetry—than facts warrant. In other words Mr. Visiak can write passable *verse*; but he has no spark of Apollo's fire nor any acquaintance with Neptune.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "Sea Dogs: A Set of Sea Comedies." By Morley Roberts. 2s. net. (Nash.)

† "Buccaneer Ballads." By E. H. Visiak. With an Introduction by John Masefield and a Frontispiece by Violet Helm. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE HITTITES.*

Until quite recently, as erudition goes, our knowledge of the history of the early races that inhabited the civilised world was not only extraordinarily limited, but entirely out of focus. From the date of the decadence of the Greeks until the last generation, the study of pre-Greek civilisations was practically unknown. Herodotus, the only early historian of real note if we except Diodorus, was looked on as a fraud for centuries, and even the great Plato, when he descended from the heights of sonorous philosophy to the realms of historical fact, was treated as a gentle romanticist.

These thoughts arise out of a perusal of Professor Garstang's excellent work on the Hittites. Over four hundred carefully written pages contain all that is yet known of this elusive nation, who played a very leading part in international politics, as a buffer state, when Assyria was in her zenith and Egypt still a power to be reckoned with. It was the Hittites who overthrew the Amorite dynasty of Babylonia to which the Amraphel of Genesis belonged; for centuries they checked the pretentious militarism of the Assyrians, and caused the fall of the Egyptian Empire in Asia. They were largely the instructors of the early Greek people, who were indebted to them for much of their religion and their mythology. They controlled the mines of Asia Minor, which supplied the ancient world with silver, copper, lead, and perhaps with tin. For a time, indeed, they were the chief power in Western Asia. Their empire extended to the Ægean Sea, on one side, with their frontier threatening Egypt on the other; the proud Babylonians were their vassals and Pharaoh was glad to unite himself to such a powerful people by a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of the Hittite monarch.

Yet these people, notwithstanding their proud history, have till now been another of the forgotten nations, in company with other illustrious peoples who lived in the region of the Mediterranean. Until fifty years ago, except for a stray allusion here and there in the Old Testament, the Hittites were utterly unknown, like the Sumerians and the Phœnicians, and this fact emphasises the very limited geographical and historical knowledge we can glean from Greek and Roman sources—especially the latter.

The decipherment of Assyrian and Egyptian monuments first brought to light that the people called Hittites—their actual and more correct name is Kheta—had a kingdom in Northern Syria, and that they had been formidable enemies, not merely, as was originally supposed from Bible allusions, a small and insignificant tribe. Then certain inscriptions came to light at Hamath which Dr. Wright suggested might be of Hittite origin. After this Dr. Sayce, surely the most industrious as well as perhaps our most distinguished authority on early Mediterranean races, discovered similar inscriptions at Carchemish and various other places. These represented a peculiar type, neither Semitic nor Aryan—a people with a peculiar predilection for turned-up toes, as noted in all monuments appertaining to the Hittites, whether in Western Asia or Egypt. In type the Kheta belongs evidently to the Mongol. The chin is beardless, the cheek-bones are high and the eyes oblique. There is a thin dark cynical moustache, and in the Egyptian sculptures a pigtail is usually shown. The race was a hardy one, for these people lived for the most part in the precipitous mountain ranges of the Taurus, and amid the snows, whence it is believed originated the shoes with turned-up toes—snow-shoes, in fact!

The cuneiform tablets of Tell-el-Amarna in Upper Egypt

* "The Land of the Hittites." By John Garstang, D.Sc., B.Litt., M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)

Yuzgat: Dervish and Vagabonds.
From "The Hittites," by John Garstang. (Constable.)

confirmed the growing belief that the Hittites were a power. These tablets tell us that at the close of the Eighteenth Dynasty the Hittites moving southwards in what was later termed Palestine were over-running the Egyptian province of Syria. Again, to look to erudite Babylon, the astrological records of the age of Khammurabi contain many references to the Hittite kings.

But these few records had all been obtained from foreign sources. Syria, and Asia Minor generally, was as yet virgin soil to the archæologist. About three and a half years ago, however, excavations were begun at Boghas Keni, the old Hittite capital, placed in the centre of the Syrian Peninsula, by a German expedition under Professor Winckler.

The result was quite up to expectations. Tablets and their fragments could be counted by the thousand, and though most of them were written in the peculiar and as yet undeciphered Hittite tongue, there were others in Assyrian, which at the period of the Nineteenth Dynasty in Egypt was the diplomatic language of the Mediterranean nations. Excavations are still taking place, and in another year or two probably many gaps will be filled up, and we shall know more of the Hittite than even Professor Garstang is able to tell us. As far as things go, however, the book contains an exhaustive account of the land of the Hittites, their rise and their ultimate fall at the hands of overwhelming hordes of barbarians who, in huge streams, devastated Southern Europe and Asia Minor. These hordes, including Scythians and Cimmerians, came by way of the Caucasus, and established such a reign of terror that the Hittite king, Midas, in desperation committed suicide.

The Hittites evidently filled a very important niche in the history of mankind, and a scholarly work was badly needed, for no student can any longer ignore their existence. They formed the link between east and west, the growing state of Greece and the culture and refinements of Babylonia. As is stated by Dr. Sayce in an introductory note, Professor Garstang's book is likely to remain "the standard authority on the subject for a long while to come." Its references are many and excellent; it is well written, and is packed with photographs and maps. An appendix, among other things, contains a Hittite bibliography, of very great use to every student interested in following up the subject of the great Hittite power which, though long forgotten, lorded it over the proud peoples of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt.

C. B.

BACK TO THE LAND.*

With that good habit of modest statement which characterises him as a writer, Sir Horace Plunkett calls his book the notes of an Irish observer. As well might Mr. Rowntree, with his good habit of terminological exactitude, have described his exhaustive treatise as the impressions of an English investigator. In truth both writers, each in his own way, have put into their books the considered results of years of study, experience, and labour. But the way of Sir Horace being general and in the present case literary, he has embodied his notes (his *thoughts* is a happier phrase) on the problems of rural life in a series of brilliant essays; and the way of Mr. Rowntree being specific almost to minuteness, he has marshalled the results of his investigations in a sober volume that for detailed completeness, for accurate and informed statement, is remarkable. If there is a superfluous word, or a careless word, in "The Rural Life Problem," it must be one of the few that escaped the proof-reader: and if there be anything appertaining to the agricultural life of Belgium not included in the text of "Land and Labour Lessons," then it surely must be somewhere in the notes, or lurking among the statistical tables, or maybe in one of the maps, or in one of those fascinating records of family life, or in the appendices. So thorough and satisfying a book as Mr. Rowntree's one seldom finds in these hurried days. It is the outcome of years of the patientest labour. Its presentation of the life—the surface life—of a people is finished to the last stroke. Yet when one has read and studied it through, mastered its statistics, assimilated its piles of information, worked out its problems, taken in its lessons, one goes back to Sir Horace's pages, not so much for refreshment as to widen one's horizon, to escape as it were from the trees to the wood, to have those same problems and lessons restated in terms not so much of investigation as of literature. For Sir Horace's book is literature. It has style, form, humour, and a splendid clarity of argument and thought. And often—though not too often—it lifts its subject to a level of moral consideration but seldom attained by writers on topics of the higher materialism.

What Sir Horace sets out to consider is the way in which the city, in the United States as in other English-speaking countries, has been developed at the expense of the country. He finds that our civilisation, through causes which he traces, has become so one-sided, that is town-sided, as to be dangerous to national well-being—nay, to national existence! Wherever he goes, he finds the same condition of affairs: towns flourishing, trades prospering, citizens multiplying; and, beyond the towns, fields wasting, villages emptying, farms derelict, the whole rural life of English-speaking communities in a woeful state of neglect, discontent, backwardness. Yes, even in America of the almighty dollar; even in England the mistress of the world! And this state of things, he tells us, in measured words, must cease if our boasted Western civilisation is to continue. At all costs we must conserve national resources; must conserve primarily that greatest of all resources, the soil, and that finest of its treasures, the countryman. And because the countryman by nature and inheritance is inclined to be lethargic and individualistic and inaccessible to ideas, and because the citizen by training and circumstance is keen and vigorous, is moreover at the modern heart of things and face to face with his destiny, it is to us of the cities that Sir Horace makes appeal on behalf of our great neglected rural life. He warns us of approaching doom. He instructs us in our manifest duty. To us here

* "The Rural Life Problem of the United States." By Sir Horace Plunkett. (The Macmillan Company.)—"Land and Labour Lessons from Belgium." By B. Seebohm Rowntree. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

in London as to our brothers in New York and Chicago he writes. We must awake and do seriously. "Those horny-handed sons of week-day toil in Wall Street," whom Sir Horace has seen on Sundays, weather permitting, inspecting their Jersey cows and aristocratic fowls, must be persuaded to extend their interest in rural things beyond the limits of Long Island—and the Kentish hills, shall we add? Those Farmers' Clubs of New York and elsewhere must learn to fulfil their national functions to better purpose than by dining at Delmonico's and the Carlton. All of us, Americans and Britons alike, need, as Sir Horace reminds us in his rich, humorous way, to extol agriculture in less Virgilian style than is our wont, and to end the delusion that we are helping on the "back to the land" movement by joining in a rush countrywards from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. We have to take the farmer and his life in hand, discover what is wrong and righten it quickly; to instruct the farmer in the great principles of the Rooseveltian creed—"better farming, better business, better living"; to make his life wiser, saner, usefuller, brighter; above all, to lead him in the way of salvation according to Plunkett, which runs through Combination, Co-operation and a Rural Institute.

Of course so big a question as this of the Rural Life cannot be more than stated in a small book. Sir Horace states it brilliantly and one thinks conclusively: yet, having read the investigatory studies of Belgian life made with such infinite pains and thoroughness by Mr. Rowntree and his staff, one somehow feels not quite sure that the way of the rural millennium lies so surely through combination, good business, cheap credit, and all the other agencies, as Sir Horace believes. Quite certainly, as Mr. Rowntree proves, the Belgians have, in agricultural progress, achieved wonders. Many of the problems over which Englishmen, and Americans too, are striving desperately—problems of small holdings, cheap transit, easy credit, education in agriculture, afforestation, and many others—the Belgians either have solved or are solving well. They have turned their country into a garden. Their system of intensive agriculture is perhaps the best in the world. Fifty-six per cent. of their population live in rural communes and a large proportion of the remainder have practical interest in the country. Nearly nine-tenths of their holdings are of less than twenty-five acres, and these small farms are managed either by owners or tenants, without hired labour. Where Great Britain has twenty-eight agriculturists to the square mile, Belgium has ninety-five. And where Great Britain is almost in extremity because of the denudation of its country districts by the towns, Belgium, through its system of small holdings and its system of cheap transit, keeps its fields populous—and this not with peasants only, but with workmen who travel daily from their holdings and gardens to work in the towns.

And yet, when all is said, is not the general lesson for English-speaking communities to be drawn from Mr. Rowntree's book one of warning, as well as urging? For in Belgium agricultural triumph has been won at no little national and individual cost. Most of those small holders are inadequately clothed and fed, and often badly housed. They work terribly hard, women and children as well as men, for very long hours, and generally for very little reward. Generally speaking, the cost of living in Belgium is low and rents in the towns are moderate; but the national standard of comfort is lower than in England, wages are much lower, whilst the price and rent of land are twice as high as in England. Add to all this the facts that ten per cent. of the Belgians never go to school and that twenty per cent. over the age of eight are illiterate; that more than a sixth of the income of the working classes goes in drink; that the rate of infant mortality is nearly the worst in Europe; that sixty-six of every thousand receive some form of public relief, and it may be judged that Belgium, no less than England and America, has rural life problems still to be faced and solved.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

MR. GRIBBLE'S WAY.*

There are many ways of being interested in literature. Some biographers collect their author's toothpicks or old boots; some follow his prowess on the cricket field or in the swimming bath; a very few push things so far as to look into his books. Mr. Gribble concerns himself with his love affairs. He has written "George Sand and her Lovers," a two-shilling reprint of which has just been published by Mr. Nash, "Madame de Staël and her Lovers," "Rousseau and the Women he Loved," "Chateaubriand and his Court of Women," and now "The Passions of the French Romantics." Mr. Gribble is an old hand. It is almost surprising that he is not a little bored with love. Perhaps he would have been, if he had chosen another period in which to find his lovers. If he had had to paint a Watteau picture again and again, and describe in five books the rise, decline, and fall of half a hundred little tales of blended gallantry and wantonness in an Arcadian setting, the fifth or sixth of his volumes would have been as faded as some of those courtly, amorous shepherdesses, unable to hide on an enamelled cheek the wrinkles of an altogether un-Arcadian disillusion. There is disillusion in Mr. Gribble's books, but it is their good fortune rather than their fault. They have not "dimmed the brightness of his eye," nor done anything but offer him the means of exercising his very delightful talent as a gossip. Old maiden ladies grow young again in talking of the follies of their friends; and Mr. Gribble, who brought a ripely disillusioned mind and a humorous and unsentimental tongue to his task of pleasant scandal, preserves his lightness and his spirit, and writes in such a manner that paragraph after paragraph leaves us smiling in a fashion that is itself a sufficient proof of the distinction between his books and the garishly disreputable "Lives" that are among the mainstays of the libraries.

He writes with spirit because he is himself interested. These chronicles of the "pays du tendre" are a holiday game for him, and his readers lie back in their chairs and laugh as merrily as he. There have been seasons in the Chronicles of the Tender Country that have been dull, when some provincial-minded ruler has levelled the hills, and filled the valleys and made a flat uninteresting plain of a once mountainous and surprising district. Then there has risen a new dynasty: the hills have been flung again into the sky, and lovers have been able once more to climb among the stars, or to leave the sunshine of the plain to seek the solitude of dusky valleys. I am myself becoming too much like St. Preux as I think about it. Mr. Gribble's period in the history of love is one of these. He begins with Rousseau, and Jean-Jacques led a revolt in the Tender Country with the success of Garibaldi in Sicily. Rousseau drove the little painted Cupids from the throne and set up another dynasty. Memories of the old gallantry coloured the new episodes of sentiment, and the Tender Country for a hundred years was as full of surprises as a nation after revolution, as France after '89. Mr. Gribble walks up and down in it, noting many things, and there are too many things to be noted ever to allow a listless grip on his pen. He observes the practice and precept of Rousseau, the grand manner of Chateaubriand, the eccentric liberties of the subjects of a rule as lax as it was unaccustomed. In the men and women of the Romantics, he does not find a single race, like the Hairy Ainu, or the Tibetans, or the Pigmies, but an extraordinary collection of widely different species, or even freaks, that, in the St. Martin's summer of the Tender Country's history, have been able to flower in untrammelled perfection. It was almost a zoological garden. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Musset, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas, and Prosper Mérimée; these are the heroes of Mr. Gribble's tales, and there is little in common between them except the interest of the conflict or collaboration

* "The Passions of the French Romantics." By Francis Gribble. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

between their experiences in the Tender Country, where Mr. Gribble meets them, and their work. Long familiarity has made him able to write of them as if they were his own creations rather than famous authors. In his books they are more like the characters of novels than the writers of them. It is not that they are unreal, but the contrary. Mr. Gribble manages to give the haphazard, incredible arrangements of life something of the ordered inevitability of art. Perhaps that too is partly due to the age. The Romantics, as Mr. Gribble says, "put love, so to say, on the programme, took it seriously as an experience or a pageant, and regarded it as an integral part of the liberal education of a man or woman of letters." That is to say that they lived good stories, and (though not always, for they sometimes used them themselves) left these excellent tales for Mr. Gribble to write. If he had made books about the writers of another age, it would have been fair to ask him what had become of their heads in the flaming or smoky adventures of their hearts. But with the Romantics it is different. Head and heart flamed or fumed together, and Mr. Gribble's account of the conflagrations, quenchings, arsons, and incendiaries, delightful in itself, is by no means valueless as a commentary on the resulting literature.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

GALAHAD JONES.*

The author of this book is a brilliant recruit to the little band, fit though few, who represent Australia in the field of imaginative literature. It is, judging by the negative testimony of the title-page, Mr. Adams's first attempt at a protracted fiction, and if it is indeed so, it may be accepted as the welcome earnest of even better things to come.

Galahad Jones is, to outward view, an intensely prosaic person whose days are spent in the most prosaic drudgery of that most prosaic of all occupations, clerking in a bank. He passes, and all his life has passed, the major part of his waking hours, in the dismally monotonous occupation of counting and collating the used-up bank-notes which find their way back into the establishment from which they were originally issued. He is forty-nine when we make his acquaintance, and the nearest approach to adventure his life has yet held has been the losing of one of those notes, and the penalty cruelly imposed upon him by his chiefs of replacing its face value. He is short in stature and sesquipedalian in figure, and is inclining to baldness and redness of nose. He lives in a little brick-and-mortar rabbit-hutch in an antipodean replica of Shepherd's Bush or Tooting, and has a growing family and a fat and elderly wife. He is a sort of elderly Australian translation of John Chivery in "Little Dorrit." Physically and socially, like his cockney analogue, he is fitter to provoke pity or a mild contempt than any more flattering sentiment. But—also like John Chivery—he is chock-full of astounding possibilities—"poetic, expansive, great of soul." But whereas John Chivery is aware of the discrepancies between his outward semblance and his interior glories, Galahad has accepted the world's harsh verdict with complete concurrence, and never dreams of rebelling against it. Even when, early in the book, he has approved himself as a hero and the best of good and tender-hearted fellows, he has no distinct apprehension of himself in those characters, and the final fall of the curtain leaves him as simple and unassuming as ever.

Romance dawns on Galahad suddenly. He is wandering, in an unanticipated hour of sunlit freedom, through a prosperous residential quarter of Sydney, when a letter falls at his feet, dropped from a balcony. It is a despairing cry for help from an imprisoned girl, pining for a glimpse of her lover. There is no cruelty in the case; the girl's confinement is the act of a deeply affectionate father who has been solemnly warned that his child's one chance of continued life is for her to be kept in perfect quiet of mind and body. But in the heart of the red-nosed and obese little bank-clerk the imprisoned chivalry of nine-and-forty years flames up hotly, and he constitutes himself the champion of the love-lorn girl. The boy she loves has ceased to care for her, and has found another sweetheart, but Galahad hales him to her side and prompts him and primes him with loverlike eloquence, as Cyrano de Bergerac supplemented the shortcomings of Christian de Neuvilette. He "keeps *cave*," as the schoolboys say, over their stolen interviews, and on one occasion assaults and sorely damages the girl's father, who, as he finds out immediately after, is the manager of the bank in which he works. He arouses the vehement suspicions of his wife, he catches influenza, he sadly depreciates an already shabby and exiguous wardrobe by climbing walls, he loses his situation, all with the sole heroic purpose of bringing into a dying girl's life the one gleam of happiness she is capable of knowing.

The story ends on a note of tragedy, but it is not tragedy of the sort that hurts or jars, and it is reconciled and softened by a certain indescribable quality of gentle humour—humour of what Carlyle called the "celestial" type, which is indeed the distinguishing note of this charming book. The threads of the story—a much more complex one than could be satisfactorily indicated in the brief space at my disposal—are knitted together with admirable neatness. Mr. Adams has obviously a strong dramatic faculty, and I should not be surprised to read his name upon the

"It was an extremely angry Em that confronted her prodigal husband."

From "Galahad Jones," by Arthur H. Adams. (John Lane.)

* "Galahad Jones." By Arthur H. Adams. 6s. (John Lane.)

bill of a successful comedy. His verbal style is light, bright, and telling. He has only to continue as he has begun to be sure of a distinguished place among contemporary novelists.

HENRY MURRAY.

ELIZABETH THE LESS.*

Elizabeth Hardwick was well worth a biography. The wonder is that she has not had one long ere now. But she has not lost by waiting. Mrs. Stepney Rawson's first effort in history is a very successful one. Known hitherto solely as a novelist, Mrs. Rawson has even here been unable to refrain from twice indulging in imaginary conversation. But though she herself may, as she declares, have "needed consolation at times for certain hard and bitter facts of the history," she certainly had no cause to offer any such consolation to her readers. For it is interesting as any fiction, this true tale of her telling.

The daughter of a Derbyshire squire, Elizabeth Hardwick's name will always be associated with the midland county, but her fame went far beyond its borders. Four times a wife, and a widow for seventeen years at the end, she saw and shared in the making of much history in the course of her long life. Not so much a born intriguer as a strong woman determined to get her own way, she found herself more than once at cross-purposes with that other strong woman, her namesake, who had the advantage of being seated on the throne of England. Three months of her life were passed in the Tower. That was when she conspired with the Countess of Lennox to marry her daughter, Elizabeth Cavendish, to Lady Lennox's son, the Scots queen's brother-in-law. But the ultimate consequences of this match were far more serious than the immediate. Fruit of the hasty wedding at Rufford was Arabella Stuart.

It was, indeed, Bess of Hardwick's lot to be more or less intimately concerned in the affairs of three hapless and highborn ladies who were the victims of Gloriana's terrible displeasure. She was the confidante of Lady Catherine Grey, though her implication in the Hertford marriage was not deep enough to earn more than a reprimand. As Countess of Shrewsbury she was long the "hostess" of Mary Queen of Scots, and it was thus that she became something more than an interesting private person. For many things happened in the years that Mary was under Shrewsbury's care, and Lady Shrewsbury's temper had something to do with their happening. The burden of responsibility, moreover, had a serious effect on that temper, and Mary's sojourn at Chatsworth and Sheffield was in part the cause of the great quarrel between earl and countess, which even the Queen's intervention could not put rght. Lastly, as the girl's grandmother, Bess was a prominent actor in Arabella's pathetic tragi-comedy.

But all these things were the accidents of her life. Its essential motive was her ardent and constant love of property, her great ambition to give her children a goodly heritage. Her success was as great as her ambition, and the Duke of Devonshire owes more gratitude to Bess of Hardwick than to any other of his ancestors. The Hardwick of her fathers came to her partly by purchase, partly by inheritance. To this were added the estates of her shortlived, boyish first husband, Robert Barlow. Then she married Sir William Cavendish, who as one of Thomas Cromwell's myrmidons had acquired various monastic lands, which his patriotic wife persuaded him to exchange for Chatsworth and other Derbyshire manors. To him alone did she bear children to inherit her possessions, to which were added all those of her third husband, Sir William St. Loe, as well as all that she could get from her last and most memorable mate, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Her building exploits are famous: Chatsworth, Hardwick, Oldcotes, Bolsover, all rose beneath her hand. "Building Bess" she was aptly called.

Of this worthy subject of England's Elizabeth, Mrs. Stepney Rawson has well told the story. Her book contains a few blemishes, worth pointing out if only that they may be altered in the second edition which it so certainly deserves. Mrs. Rawson has made excellent use of Lodge, Labanoff, and the interesting letters in Hunter's "Hallamshire." She does not, however, seem to have come across the mass of documents in the Lansdowne MSS. which throw much light on the great Cavendish-Talbot quarrel. She follows the "Dictionary of National Biography" in ignoring Sir William Cavendish's important work as a commissioner in Ireland. She censures Leicester for being absent from Amy Robsart's funeral, regardless of the fact that he was in confinement at the time. Surely it serves no purpose, unless of accentuation, to give the more scandalous passages of Mary's "Scandal Letter" in the original French, and to translate the rest. Other imperfections are obviously slips. Shrewsbury died in November, 1590, not in January, 1591, which was the month of his burial. Lady Shrewsbury's letter to Burghley (whom Mrs. Rawson sometimes calls Burleigh) of complaint against her husband was written a year and two months, not "only two months" after the reconciliation in the Queen's presence. Gernon, not Germon, was the name of the reputed ancestor of the Cavendishes; but this descent is not to be accepted without comment. It is hardly correct to talk of "the pompous Bishop Kennet of those days." White Kennet flourished not under Queen Elizabeth, but under Queen Anne. The portrait of James VI. as a boy is wrongly labelled "James V." But these things do not essentially detract from a book which is not written for the learned and do not spoil the vivid portrait Mrs. Rawson has drawn of a vital personality.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Bess of Hardwick." By Mrs. Stepney Rawson. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

SHORT STORIES AT THEIR BES T.*

We are told that "the stories, studies, and impressions which make up this volume bear dates ranging from 1899 to 1910." In other words, we have here specimens of Mr. Galsworthy's work which practically cover the whole period of his literary career; and it is a happy augury for the future that, on the whole, these sketches show their author to be steadily advancing in sureness of touch and in all the other qualities which raise a man to the front rank.

One of the principal charms of Mr. Galsworthy's writing consists in what he leaves unwritten. With a number of the best French authors, and above all with Turgenev, he has learned that there is nothing so fatal as *le tout dire*. To his having grasped this secret is, perhaps, mainly due Mr. Galsworthy's success as a writer of the short story and the character-study. And what makes this gift the more remarkable is that, at the same time, he has an almost Hesiodic power of observation. He finds time to stop and tell you that a man's nose "was the nose of a thinker, broad and of noticeable shape." Of a hapless cripple and his wife he notes that "there passed between his whitish eyes and the grey eyes of his wife one of those looks which people who have long lived together give each other. It had no obvious gleam of affection, but just the matter-of-fact mutual faith of two creatures who from year's end to year's end can never be out of arm's length of one another." Or again:

"In the gold moonlight the shadows of the lime-tree leaves lay, blacker than any velvet, piled one on the other at the foot of the little green. It was very warm. A cuckoo called on till

* "A Motley." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

nearly midnight. A great number of little moths were out; and the two broad meadows which fell away from the hamlet down to the stream were clothed in a glamorous haze of their own moonlit buttercups. Where that marvellous moonlight spread out across the moor it was all pale witchery; only the three pine-trees had strength to resist the wan gold of their fair visitor, and brooded over the scene like the ghosts of three great gallows."

One is the more pleased to come across such a passage as this that Mr. Galsworthy does not often dwell upon the beauties of Nature.

As was to be expected of his grim genius, many of Mr. Galsworthy's subjects are essentially tragic. One of his bitterest and, at the same time, his most successful sketches is "A Fisher of Men," which deals with a clergyman whose parish was a Cornish fishing-village. The breadth of the wretched rector's sympathy with the animal creation is a most effective contrast to his utter lack of understanding of his fellow-men, and there is a touch of Parson Thwackum in the words "he knew that he had preached no narrow doctrines cursed with the bigotry which he recognised in the Romish or Nonconformist faiths." Painfully bitter, too, are "The Prisoner" with its picture of the criminal serving a life-sentence, and "The Workers" with its description of the grey misery of a sweated London seamstress. More tragic still in some ways are "The Neighbours" and "A Miller of Dee"; but in each of these variations upon the same theme there is a vein of the heroic, perverted it may be, which lifts them up and gives them a quality of stern nobility. Our shuddering admiration goes out to the two husbands who murder their wives rather than allow them to commit the infidelity which is foreshadowed.

It is good, however, to find that there is comedy here as well as tragedy. "The Japanese Quince," which is the means of making two stolid, unemotional City men come momentarily out of their shells, is a delightful piece of work. So, too, is "A Portrait" with its grave yet humorous representation of a typical old English gentleman. "The 'Codger,'" again, is full of breezy cheerfulness, and "A Reversion to Type," though it ends tragically, has, perhaps, more of the broadly comic in it than any of the others.

One cannot more than mention by name such other sketches as "The Pack," "Courage," and "Once More," but a word of special praise should be given to "The Lime Tree" for its delicate treatment of a mystic fantasy in which a single false word would be fatal. In some ways this is the most ambitious theme of all those here handled and the one least characteristic of its author. It is certain that this collection of pieces will be hailed as proving Mr. Galsworthy's mastery in yet another, and that the most difficult, field of prose composition.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

HILAIRE BELLOC'S ESSAYS.*

It used to be mentioned admiringly, as proof of the fine fertility of his invention, that Swift could write an essay even on a broomstick. We no longer consider that much of an achievement. Our latter-day essayists seem to have developed a talent for writing on tenuous themes until the slighter the subject is the more attractively and amply they seem able to write about it. Mr. Belloc has written upon very much smaller matters than broomsticks in his time, and he has never failed to write upon them so charmingly that we forgot the triviality of his topic in the happy art with which he decorates and embroiders it. Whether he writes on everything, nothing, or anything, we are more than contented to go on reading him.

The essays in his new volume, "On Anything," are many and varied; some are on matters of weight, several on casual and trivial things, and the indolent airiness of his manner often makes them seem trivial even when they are not so. And Mr. Belloc does not put his ripest fruit on top of the basket. The opening essay here is merely the graceful record of an incident that you do not in the least believe ever happened, and it is only saved from inconsequence by the hinted comment on life in general that is inherent in it, like the human breath in a bubble. In "On Clay" he carries his indolent airiness so far that you can almost hear him yawning at the end of certain of the sentences, as if it really bored him a little to be so entertaining. "You may think I have exhausted the matter of clay," he says at the end of his first three hundred words, "but you are wrong"; and at the end of another two hundred, "for remember that all this does but touch upon the edge and fringe of the greatness of clay"; and yet again by the time he has written a further two hundred, "Do you think that with this we have come to the end of what clay has done?" It is the manner of the speaker who has not quite made up his mind what to say next. "On No Book" is almost the limit in flimsiness; but there is shrewdness and a fine subtlety of thought in the paper "On Irony," and much that is true and suggestive in that "On the Simplicity of Words." "On People in Books" is a rich and promising theme, but Mr. Belloc plays with it and does not get much out of it. "On a Poet," a dissertation on certain of Swinburne's characteristics, is wholly admirable; so, too, are the essays on Milton, on Hans Christian Andersen, and, in their different ways, "On the Traveller" and "On History in Travel." There are two or three delightfully satirical sketches, such as "The Honest Man and the Devil" and "The Candour of Maturity," and another handful of short miscellaneous articles on those everyday concerns in which everybody is interested, and when all deductions are made on the score of slightness and superficiality of treatment, you have a body of good work remaining which has a charm

* "On Anything." By Hilaire Belloc. 5s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

From a caricature by Mr. Ernest Marriott.

(By permission of the artist and of the editor of "Laughter Grim and Gay.")

of style that is beyond mere cleverness, and an easy readability that makes this one of the best of books to put in your pocket when you are going on a holiday.

CECIL RHODES.*

Acclaimed by friends as a great statesman, a builder of empire, a second Napoleon, by enemies denounced as an impudent "poseur" and unscrupulous speculator, it is probably correct to say that to the great mass of people Cecil John Rhodes, was, and seems likely to remain, an enigma. These interesting personal reminiscences from the pen of an old Cape friend, Sir T. E. Fuller, illuminate in some degree the complex character and mesmeric personality of the man who, thirty years ago, at a time when the Cape press referred to him as "the young member for Barkly West," anticipated with the eyes of a practical visionary the proclamation of a United South Africa—now an accomplished fact.

Practical, indeed, was this dreamer of dreams, whether it was a matter of winning over Barney Barnato and his diamond fields by an offer of a seat in the Cape Parliament; or of obtaining concessions from the Matabele chief, Lobengula, by gifts of opera hats and champagne; or of safeguarding "the great trek" into the heart of Africa. Though he lacked the physical courage of Dr. Jameson, Rhodes could, when the success of his schemes was at stake, face the greatest danger with a cool determination bred of hope, rather than of despair. As an instance of this may be cited the daring method by which he terminated the second Matabele war, thereby securing the tottering foothold of his settlers in Rhodesia. Declining an escort, Rhodes, unarmed and accompanied only by three friends, went forth to meet the Matabele warriors, and with the tact of a tried negotiator arranged a lasting peace. Despite the conspicuous valour he displayed throughout this campaign, which, it will be remembered, he had joined as a political outcast, convicted of complicity in the Raid, we are told that Rhodes afterwards confessed himself "in a funk all the time," but he was "more afraid to be thought afraid."

His fingers burnt in the Raid, Rhodes is absolved by the author from any share in the inception of the South African war, though the incompatibility of Kruger's ideas of "expansion" with his own were long foreseen by Rhodes. The value of Sir Thomas Fuller's monograph lies, perhaps, chiefly in its insistence, based on emphatic personal testimony, on the lofty ideals which animated his friend in his great work of "northern expansion," ideals none the worse for a touch of romance in them, as when, referring to the route below the Victoria Falls of his proposed Cape-to-Cairo railway, he wrote: "I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages."

Regarding the munificence of the Rhodes bequests, the author makes public instances of his friend's generosity in his lifetime which, had they been generally known, would have gone far to mitigate the surprise of a critical world. Interesting, too, and not without significance, is the information that Rhodes professed to have read every life of Napoleon, and that his library largely consisted of assiduously collected "authorities" on which Gibbon had based his "Decline and Fall." This is the man who felt the call of Africa, "with its vast territories given over to savage life, with its waste of nature, and its contempt of human life." "It is inevitable fate," he once said to the author, "that all this should be changed; and I should like to be the agent of fate."

As an "agent of fate," large-hearted, wide-visioned, above all with a supreme confidence in the English-speaking race as the great civilising power of the world, thus is Rhodes presented, with all sincerity, by his gifted friend. One may, with equal sincerity, inquire whether Rhodes would have figured as an "agent of fate" in an Africa barren of gold and diamond fields.

* "Cecil Rhodes. A Monograph and a Reminiscence." 6s. net. (Longmans.)

CELT AND SAXON.*

Meredith's posthumous novel is unlike "Denis Duval" and "Edwin Drood" and "Weir of Hermiston" in more ways than one. It is not a work interrupted by the author's death, and it is almost impossible to imagine the shape and size of its design from the torso. What was to become of the volatile Captain Con, after he dared to get elected, without his wife's knowledge or consent, for an Irish constituency? What complications were to creep out of the tender relations between Miss Jane Mattock and the two brothers? And what rôle was Rockney to play? Was he to be more than a chorus, voicing the author's criticisms of Great Britain? If Meredith had thought out the plot or plots of his story before he laid aside this fragment, he has not written enough to give any reliable indication of its course. We can perhaps foresee Parliament. "An Irishman there is a barrow trolling a load of grievances." "A serious fellow talking nonsense with lively illustrations is just the man for House of Commons clown." We can predict that Philip would be called up to champion Adiante, as Beauchamp and Redworth had to intervene on behalf of Renée and Mrs. Warwick, and the scope for the Comic Spirit is clearly marked out in at least five of the characters. But Meredith has unfortunately and inexplicably

> "Left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife."

He has not even told the half of his story. Nineteen chapters form barely the third of a novel on the scale of "Beauchamp's Career" or "Harry Richmond," and in this case the chapters are not quite successive. They represent preliminary efforts to get the characters into position, while it is the painter who is doing most of the talking about the picture.

As the title suggests, the novel is a romantic study in racial temperaments. Adiante Adister, the daughter of a squire in North Wales, who had refused to marry Philip O'Donnell, her Irish Roman Catholic lover, from a sense of duty to her father, had suddenly married a foreign prince and joined her husband in the Greek church. Adiante is a true Meredithian heroine, a beauty with brains. But she never appears on the scene; the reader is only permitted to hear of her beauty and charm. Mr. Adister, on the other hand, is sketched by the hand that drew Everard Romfrey, or rather Squire Beltham. Both have the same stiff insular prejudices, sterling honesty, a narrow, keen mind, an irritable impatience of novelty, and a hatred of all that is foreign or unconventional. If Prince Nikolas had ever ventured to call at Earlsfont, Mr. Adister would have treated his rascally son-in-law as pungently as Squire Beltham treated Roy Richmond. Mr. Colesworth and Mr. Mattock were evidently meant to play up to the Squire, with Rockney half-way between them and the three O'Donnells, just as Jane Mattock was to stand between the conflicting types represented by Captain Con's wife and Adiante, with Caroline and Kathleen as understudies. The characters, however, hardly get into movement. Too little happens to throw light upon the outcome of their clashing, or even upon the precise points at which the Celts and Saxons would cross one another's orbit. The steam laundry business, which Meredith describes with curious fulness, has an important conclusion. It seems to foreshadow a soft interest between Patrick O'Donnell and Miss Mattock, but the last chapter,

* "Celt and Saxon." By George Meredith. 6s. (Constable.)

which is full of intricate analysis, follows this up with a plainer hint that the lady and Captain Philip were destined to draw together. How and for how long? Like Cecilia Halkett and Beauchamp? Like Jane Ilchester and Harry Richmond?

It is useless to criticise a fragment like this on the score of its plot. The main value of "Celt and Saxon" lies in the author's study of national character, especially in the flashing, half-satirical chapter "Of the Great Mr. Bull," which is Meredith at his very best, for style and penetration:

"Think a little upon the ideas of unpatriotic Celts regarding him. . . . They are unjust, but many of them speak with a sense of the foot on their necks. . . . They transmit the sentiment of the loathing of Bull, as assuredly they would be incapable of doing, even with the will, were a splendid fire-eyed motherly Britannia the figure sitting in the minds of men for our image—a palpitating figure, alive to change, penetrable to thought, and not a stolid concrete of our traditional old yeoman characteristic."

And again:

"Ideal of his country Bull has none—he hates the word; it smells of heresy, opposition to his image. It is an exercise of imagination to accept an ideal, and his digestive organs reject it, after the manner of the most beautiful likeness of him conjurable to the mind—that flowering stomach, the sea-anemone, which opens to anything and speedily casts out what it cannot consume."

The study is not one-sided. The order of names in the title may have been due, like Hamerton's "French and English," to euphony. Meredith's aim is not to satirise or caricature the Saxon, or to laud the Celt at his expense, but to show that an idea or an ideal of the country is necessary in order to unite Celt and Saxon, and that the materialistic, insular conception of patriotism, symbolised by "John Bull," is an antiquated notion which is positively mischievous, since it misrepresents England and alienates Celtic aspirations and sympathy. Many have told, and many are telling us this truth, through the medium of much nonsense about the "Celtic temperament." Meredith's philosophy of race is not sentimental, and his fragment is not superfluous. Still, we shall read and welcome the book for its own sake, as a tale no less than as a profound piece of racial analysis. There are bits of Meredithese in it, and there are also passages of irrepressible wit, deft characterisation, and brilliant phrasing. You can open it almost at random to light on unforgettable pieces like the description of the Irish Channel off Holyhead, in Chapter XVII.:

"The scene of frayed waters all rosy-golden, and golden-banded heathery height, with the tinted sand, breaking to flights of blue, was resplendent to those of our recent sea-farers who could lift an eye to enjoy it. Freshness, illumination, then salt air, vivid distances, were a bath for every sense of life. You could believe the breast of the mountain to be heaving, the billows to be kissing fingers to him, the rollers shattered up the cliff to have run to extinction to scale him."

Just so. A fragment of Meredith is worth whole volumes of finished work by modern fictionists, and the publication of "Celt and Saxon" justifies itself even to those who have scruples about the wisdom of issuing such posthumous pieces. This is a precious and unexpected gift to students of Meredith. They will only regret that he could lay aside Captain Con to dress and jerk puppets like some of those in "One of Our Conquerors."

JAMES MOFFATT.

Novel Notes.

EARLY VICTORIAN: A Village Chronicle. By S. G. Tallentyre. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Miss Tallentyre has given us in "Early Victorian" a book that challenges comparison with Miss Mitford's "Our Village" and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." She has done for an early Victorian village what Mrs. Gaskell did for an equally early Victorian town, and her character-studies and pictures of the life of that bygone era have an air of truth and an old-world charm which make us feel that her village of Basset is as real a place as Cranford, and under some other name has a place on the map of England. Beginning with a vivid, intimate portrait of Harry, the Squire, the careless, easy-going, hard-drinking, fox-hunting, bovine squire of his period, she passes to a subtler and finely sympathetic portrayal of the girl whom Harry won for his wife, a bright, intelligent, imaginative creature, who idealised and loved him and reconciled herself to making the best of him when her ideal was broken—"patience to endure was the besetting virtue of that age, as impatience to reform is the besetting virtue of this; and Pollie was the child of her time. Her pride—the pride which not only never whines under misfortune, but denies that there is any misfortune to whine about—also helped her not a little," and in the end she comes to find it true "that if one had one's duty and a dream, one had enough of life." The two doctors of Basset who went into partnership are admirably drawn; so too are the faded, kindly Miss Pilkington, who "was very glad to be parted from her sisters, though she was very sorry she was glad"; Sir John Railton and his lady; the clever, foolish, entertaining, irresponsible Mrs. Darbisher, and some half-score other persons who play their parts in this delightfully realistic comedy of country-life; but perhaps no character in the book has a more poignant story nor is more ably developed than the chivalrous, unconventional, curiously attractive Parson Grant. Miss Tallentyre's work is wholly enjoyable; moveover, she writes with a knowledge of humanity and a literary skill that, though they may not make her book a book of the week, have made it something very much better.

VERITY LADS. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Keighley Snowden is before all else the novelist of Yorkshire town life. What he does not know of the lights and shadows, the tragedy and comedy of life as it is lived in those many-chimneyed, drab, toil-haunted towns of the north is of very little consequence. He does not set himself to tell in "Verity Lads" so strong a story as went to the making of either "The Forbidden Theatre" or "The Life Class," but in its close study of the character of young Harry Verity and certain of his relations, and for the very intimate glimpses it gives you of their ways of thought and living, this new book bears comparison with the two others if it does not surpass them. There is an "Introduction" that is a wonderfully vivid little study of a ropemaker's home-life, his death, the bizarre squalor of his funeral ceremonies, and a poignantly pathetic rough sketch of the death, years later, of Uncle Donty, an old Yorkshireman exiled in London. This Uncle Donty was the outcast of the family; he "had been put in jail for catching rabbits"; and to him the boy Harry Verity, after his father's death, began to write letters giving him all the news of how things were going with his mother, himself, his brother, and the family connections in the town up in the West Riding; and it is these letters, with an added chapter or so at the end, that tell the tale that is comprised in this volume. They are just the simple annals of a poor family struggling for existence after the death of the breadwinner, told from the boy's standpoint, with a boy's simplicity and unconscious self-revelation; they are touched with humour and pathos, and are entirely interesting because of their sheer truthfulness of effect.

ATONEMENT. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (Lane.)

Mr. F. E. Mills Young's work may at once be characterised by the adjective "sound." Incidentally, we may

mention, it is unusually interesting. This is rather surprising, for the story which the author has to tell us presents no particularly new features, and, moreover, it is depressing. The scene is laid in South Africa, and, as is so often the case with the South African novel, the story introduces what are called, we believe, the elemental passions. The participators in the sin are perhaps the most remarkable of the many remarkable characters in the book, but the man's figure stands out with an almost tragic force. It is in characterisation that the author particularly excels, but as a whole his work is of a real literary merit, which deserves every encouragement. Possibly in future Mr. Mills Young will write a novel which shall display more fully that sense of humour of which we now catch only occasional gleams. We can strongly recommend "Atonement."

THE PERSONAL CONDUCT OF BELINDA. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In treatment and in characterisation, as well as in dialogue, Miss Brainerd's latest novel is commendably frank and fresh. Belinda is a school-teacher of—to judge by the illustrations—very considerable attractions, so far as face and figure are concerned, and the author sees to it that her gifts of mind and character shall endear her to the reader. She gets married off safely enough at the end of the book, and, it is to be assumed, develops into the ideal American wife. Still, we are concerned with her adventures before marriage, and they make amusing and very pleasant light reading. Belinda is persuaded to act as personal conductor to a party of Americans who are bound upon a visit to Europe. To a young lady of beauty and talent the post is not so simple as it sounds, and the heroine has to put up with a share of vexations which do not always arise from the complicated nature of her love-story. For background we have the impressions of an American traveller in Great Britain, the Rhine Valley, Switzerland, and France, and Miss Brainerd describes these impressions with considerable deftness and freshness. "The Personal Conduct of Belinda" is a thoroughly amusing book, and one that makes first-rate reading for the holidays.

THE LOST HALO. By Percy White. 6s. (Methuen.)

Opinion will probably differ rather sharply as to the merits of Mr. Percy White's new novel. "The Lost Halo" has a standpoint that inevitably commands either enthusiasm or annoyance; it depends, we fear, upon the religious and political convictions of the reader which of these two qualities is evoked. Here is the position: Alfred Allington is a lad whose religious enthusiasm is moved quite powerfully at the age of ten. "One Sunday, just before the sermon, when the congregation were singing 'Abide with me,' the boy, overcharged with emotion, burst into tears, and sobbed. Other eyes became wet as the hymn wailed itself round the white-washed walls. A Mr. Clarkson, whose turn it was to preach, declared that the boy 'loved God by instinct,' and predicted great things for him." He did more, in fact. He got the boy educated, and in time he became the minister of the chapel where, first of all, his faith in the divine had been touched. Here his spirituality and fervour amazed his hearers. He wrote a book of intimate confessions entitled "My God and I" that was sometimes linked in conversation with the "Imitation of Christ," but he worked so hard that he had a bad nervous breakdown, and when his strength reasserted itself he became vain, theatrical, and rather worldly-minded, in which mood he connived at a secret marriage between his sister and a young politician of good family, developed a weakness for drinking champagne, and did other things unworthy of himself and his high profession. At the end we are presented with two alternatives in any effort to solve the riddle of Alfred Allington's character. Mr. Clarkson says, "His blood's thin, his physique is poor, and his conscience frightened at its own spiritual shadow." His sister declares, "Of course he was a saint. Perfect faith is what he was seeking. But, of course, no one ever does find it! So it will be our Saint's destiny to live in a state of alternate exaltations and lapses!"

DIANA OF DREAMS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin is a wonder in his way. "Diana of Dreams" is, according to a list opposite the title-page, his thirty-eighth book. We cannot, of course, claim any large acquaintance with his work, but at least we have read the majority of his more recent books, and we should place "Diana of Dreams" only second in merit to its predecessor, "The Slaves of Allah," of which it is a continuation. "Diana of Dreams" introduces a number of the same characters as the former book, and the situations are only a whit less thrilling. Mr. Burgin has some knowledge of Turkish political methods and intrigues, and this is again used to good effect. The story told is a good one, the characterisation is effective, and, in a word, the book is very readable. The author's irrepressible humour finds vent in two of the minor characters, who do much to improve a volume which, in other ways also, is attractive. "Diana of Dreams" should meet with a large measure of success, and it is a book which can be warmly recommended to every class of reader.

SAMUEL THE SEEKER. By Upton Sinclair. 6s. (John Long.)

The story is told in a simple and direct way, and one enjoys and is interested in it from the start; but it is only when the climax is reached, and the end in sight, that one realises fully what an exceedingly clever book it is. Underneath the story there is a great purpose, and gradually, forcibly, the purpose is unfolded and driven home, and the truth of things put so plainly that even those who would like to blind themselves to it will find it well nigh impossible to do so. Samuel himself wins our sympathy from the outset, when old Ephraim, his father, writes on the picture of his dead wife, "Seek, and ye shall find." And it would do every one good to know what it was that Samuel did find.

A GENTLEMAN OF VIRGINIA. By Percy James Brebner. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Brebner has before this done good work in a light and popular vein, and his "Vayenne" and "Princess Maritza" probably attained some of the circulation which they deserved. In "A Gentleman of Virginia" he is rather more serious. He has deserted Zenda and its sister-states for France, and the very horrible and very dramatic France of the Terror. Hundreds of novels have been written upon these times, and Mr. Brebner's book does not offer much variety in the main incidents of its plot. The Gentleman of Virginia, Richard Barrington by name, has come to France with the intention of offering his sword in the service of the people. However, he soon finds that they are engaged with other things. They seem to prefer to persecute women, for instance, and an American never could stand that, whatever his political opinions. So Barrington does his most effective work for the other side. Of course there is a lady in question, and equally of course this lady is at first in love with somebody else. But that does not matter much to people like Barrington, who, though entirely honourable (we admit that freely), are so often successful in their love affairs. Certainly it is not for the main lines of the plot that Mr. Brebner's book is worth reading, but the author has succeeded in doing two very important things. First, he has told his story very well, and we defy the book's readers to remain absolutely calm throughout

a whole reading. And second, Mr. Brebner has realised a very clever and individual atmosphere for the period of which he treats. He may be right or wrong, but there can be little doubt that this is the most original point about his book. We can recommend it as entirely readable, and perhaps as being a little better and more serious than most "readable novels."

THE FEET OF THE YEARS. By John Dalison Hyde. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Despite the masculine name on the title-page, one suspects that "The Feet of the Years" was written by a woman. It shows a woman's knowledge of women, and its men have a distinctly feminine touch about them. Stuart Lovelace, who becomes heir to a title on the death of his elder brother, is as handsome as he is wicked, and having found all women his slaves has addressed Penelope in the first moments of their meeting with a boldness and insulting confidence that no mere man would have dared to attribute to one of his kind, and Penelope is fascinated by these advances with a facility that the male author would have boggled at. A note of exaggeration runs through the plot and infects the characters and the dialogue; Penelope, for all she has undergone, is too spontaneously rude to her brother-in-law's relations, and they are too spontaneously rude to her in return. This brother-in-law kisses and makes love to Penelope on the day of his wife's, her sister's, funeral; and later Lovelace embraces her passionately whilst the dead body of her uncle, who has committed suicide, lies on the other side of the door. There is a good deal of conventional and unmerited scorn poured upon Suburbia; after all, the suburbs are not exclusively inhabited by one type of narrow-souled person, as the author insists. Most of our Bohemian artists have their homes in the suburbs, and Swinburne lived and died in one. These and other exaggerations irritate you, but they do not prevent you from finding "The Feet of the Years" a remarkable and uncommonly interesting story. The closing incident, which enables Lovelace to prove his courage and so to win back Penelope's love, narrowly escapes being ridiculous, but the book is full of ability and uncontrolled power; if it is not on the whole a good performance, it makes good reading and is abundantly promising.

McGLUSKY THE REFORMER. By A. G. Hales. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The first book about McGlusky was one of the most quaintly and delightfully humorous of books, and this, the second, is every whit as good as the first. There is no connection between the two: the other was mainly concerned with McGlusky's adventures during the Boer war; this tells you the full story of McGlusky's life, omitting his war experiences, which were merely an episode in a full-blooded and gloriously diverting career. He is a dour Scot who when still young "got hold of the alluring idea that it was his mission in life to set the world right, not merely in regard to things spiritual, but in reference to every other matter which affects poor, frail humanity." He was reared on oatmeal and religion, and presently went forth, a very muscular Christian indeed, ready and eager on the slightest provocation to fight the ungodly, the blasphemer, the intemperate, and convert them by the power of his right and left fists. He would never fight on Sunday, but the man who thought to take advantage of this strictness was sorry for his temerity as soon as the clock had struck twelve. There is a capital love interest, plenty of moving incident, but over and above all you have the irresistible droll humour of McGlusky and his doings. A most enjoyable book, with a good tale to tell and the heartiest honest laughter to accompany the telling of it.

THE DOCTOR'S LASS. By Edward C. Booth. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The interest in Mr. Booth's story depends almost entirely on the telling of it, and so well does he tell it that the book stands clear as one of the most successful of recently published novels. There is a glow and colour in Mr. Booth's phrasing, and he picks his words with a skill that we do not find in many of our present-day authors. He has a keen sense of humour and a wide sympathy. The characters that take part in this romance are strongly and vividly drawn; the doctor himself, Jane "the Lass," and Anne, the doctor's housekeeper, specially endear themselves to us, and will be remembered with affection by all who read the book. When the doctor first comes to Sunfleet he has a rather stiff struggle, as his predecessor had been an immensely popular man. There are many stories still afloat in Sunfleet about old Dr. Dendy and his wonderful cures. "When aud doctor looked at ye," says legend, "you knowed very well summat would a' to gie way." However, when Jane comes into the new doctor's life everything is changed. Though she comes with sorrow and storm she remains to create sunshine. It would be impossible, in a few words, to describe the complex and fascinating character of "the Lass." She is "so very very Janey."

THE PORTRAIT. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Methuen.)

Here is a book full of excellent company, a roystering, dissolute crew for the most part if you like, but witty withal and prodigiously entertaining with their fine disregard for human life where a nice point of honour or a quixotic whim is concerned. It is a "costume comedy" of the eighteenth century, and the plot hangs on a wager of monstrous proportions. "Count forty before you speak." The wise old aunt who enjoined young Bettesworth to follow this advice at any crucial period of his life well knew the sensitive, passionate temperament of the man. Heedless of her caution, he signalises his entry "upon the Town" by allowing himself to be drawn into a hare-brained wager with four elegant young bloods of position. Hare-brained, indeed: for not only has he to discover the unnamed lady who had served for model to the painter of a celebrated portrait, but further he engages to fetch her to the dinner of the Dilettante Society, to house and maintain her, and, last but not least, to marry her in the event of her being unmarried and of good reputation. Having in this wholesale manner pitted his wits against four of the finest gallants of the town, Bettesworth adds to the perplexities of the wager by straightway falling in love with the fascinating Lady Eshetsford. In his quest for the model, adventures of no mean order befall him, but in spite of an ingeniously spun web of intrigue, plot, and counterplot, he ultimately succeeds in winning the wager as well as the woman he loves. This entertaining novel was not written in a hurry—its finished workmanship and wealth of descriptive detail deserve high praise. Neither does one lay it down in a hurry, but with a lingering fondness for the "good old days," which, one feels, were not so irredeemably bad after all.

The Bookman's Table.

MY GERMAN YEAR. By I. A. R. Wylie. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Wylie is frankly a pro-German, and her book may perhaps come as an eye-opener to those misguided persons who affect to despise Germany, its ways, manners, customs, and people. The German Year, as the author calls it, extended over a considerably longer period; towards the end of the book, indeed, we find Miss Wylie referring to

"the six years which I have spent almost uninterruptedly in Germany and amongst the German people." But this slight looseness in the title may easily be forgiven an observer so shrewd and so obviously sincere. Of course it is impossible—as well as inadvisable—to touch upon politics in the short space at our disposal, but it is safe to say that the normal Englishman, who, in comparison with the German, is "steeped in politics," cannot afford to pass by this book, and that for political reasons as well as those of his personal entertainment. Miss Wylie's method (which, on the whole, is a very satisfactory one) is to describe the normal life in the German town she knows best—Karlsruhe. This lays her open to the charge that she has taken a too-favourable specimen as typical of the whole of Germany. She herself admits that Karlsruhe is a model town. Its inhabitants, though they profess to find it a dull place, are unusually happy, the government is unusually enlightened, and things in general go with the smoothness of well-oiled machinery. It is conceivable, probable indeed, that other parts of Germany are less desirable, but we have no doubt that this is a more satisfactory method than its reverse. A judgment passed upon London by a foreigner living in, say, Hampstead, would probably differ considerably from one passed by the same gentleman had he taken up his abode in Bermondsey, but we are convinced that it would be more generally correct. Overlooking some few printers' errors, we have nothing but praise for this admirably written and entirely interesting book.

A Typical Village Scene.
From "My German Year," by I. A. R. Wylie. (Mills & Boon.)

MILLET. By Percy M. Turner. **WATTEAU.** By Lewis Hind. Masterpieces in Colour Series. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E.C. Jack.)

Two more sketches of the Masters are added to the welcome Masterpieces in Colour Series, and that the subjects, thus coming to hand together, are strongly contrasted, is of course evident. And yet, although we do not commonly think so, Millet as well as Watteau could see in the world some "unsubstantial fairy place"; who will question it that has stood before the wonderful and beautiful picture in the Louvre and been entranced by the lovely vision of "Spring"? It is really admirably rendered in the colour picture in this series, and we are grateful for its inclusion. Here in this sparkling Arabian Nights' garden of jewels under the shining arc in the sky are all the high romance of Watteau, all the charm and idyllic grace; but a dark and gloomy cloud lowers over the sheen and brilliance, and a shiver of apprehension trembles throughout the whole enchantment. We must regret the absence of "The Angelus," the most typical of the pictures by Millet, and "L'Indifférent" of Watteau would have been contrasted with it instructively indeed. But the idea seems to have been to choose studies of action as much as possible, and pictures of "the more joyous side of peasant life," and Mr. Turner, who tells the story of Millet with sympathy, thinks "The Gleaners" "perhaps the noblest canvas the master ever painted." The selection of illustrations to the volume upon Watteau is excellent, and Mr. Lewis Hind speaks of many of the admirers of this exquisite painter, from Constable to the author of the "Imaginary Portrait," and the extraordinary achievement in "Watteau's short sad life of illness and discontent."

ELIZABETH FRY. By Georgina King Lewis. 3s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

If—as may be presumed—you have no personal experience, you need only visit the new Repertory Theatre on an evening when Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" is being played, to see how very far from perfect the conduct of our prisons (apart from any consideration of the broader criminal question) still remains. Compared with their state a hundred years ago, however, the insides of our gaols to-day are almost admirable. In the century of philanthropy much was done to abolish the barbarities which had too long been practised in the name of justice. Places which had been chambers of nameless horror were converted into the orderly, if unimaginative, institutions whither those who offend against the laws are now sent for the benefit of the community and (more doubtfully) of themselves. That much remains to be done is no reason for thanklessness towards those who have already done so much. Among these, none is more deserving of gratitude than Elizabeth Fry. History is ultimately the biography of the great men—and women: the dynamic few who drive the static many. Boards and committees may be useful for details; the essential work of the world is done by individuals. Elizabeth Fry was one of those who did the world's work. She was a great woman, a great personality; of whom Mrs. Lewis has, in her little book, signally succeeded in reproducing the charm. She has recalled for us the life of one who was very much alive; no remote Lady Bountiful, no austere saint, but a woman who got very near perfection because she did not doff her humanity. It is a beautiful tale this which Mrs. Lewis has told, of the daughter, sister, mother, the Christian, the Quaker, the doer of good works, the liver of a life which a Greek, with a fuller and finer meaning than we are accustomed to give the word, might have called good.

INSTRUMENTS OF THE MODERN ORCHESTRA AND EARLY RECORDS OF THE PRECURSORS OF THE VIOLIN FAMILY. By Kathleen Schlesinger. 2 vols. 18s. 6d. (Reeves.)

Miss Kathleen Schlesinger's book on Modern Orchestral Instruments claims to be a "handbook for students of the orchestra." It is true that there is a very great deal of information in the two heavy volumes, but this suffers from lack of methodical arrangement. Much of it emerges incidentally and is not readily found under the heads where

it would be naturally sought. This, though a defect in a handbook, cannot diminish the value of a work giving at least, under the heading of each instrument, particulars of its construction, production of sound, compass, quality of tone, and possibilities. The clues as to the identification of orchestral instruments are comprised in Vol. I. Vol. II. is devoted to an exhaustive discussion on the origin of the violin. The author here summarises the results of some years' research, and must be complimented both on having rejected as far as possible speculative evidence and on having stated with fairness the two rival theories at present extant with regard to the evolution of the fiddle. In the course of this excursion into musical archæology Miss Schlesinger develops the interesting theory that the violin is descended rather from the Asiatic cithara than from the Greek lyre or the Hindoo ravenastron. Though admitting that the introduction of the bow played an important part in the evolution of the modern violin, she claims that it was the intrinsic merit of the primitive instrument which led to its survival. The bow, she says, was applied soon after its first appearance, not to the precursor of the fiddle alone, but to a number of stringed instruments which had previously been twanged. There is much to justify her contention that the most important feature of the violin and the one which may be held vital to the production of its pleasing tone is the shape of the sound-chest. The lyre had a vaulted sound-chest, which was the prototype of that seen in the present-day mandoline, whereas the cithara, even in its earliest form, had traces of the bridge, sound-holes, tail-piece, pegs or purflings, and finger-board, which are all present in the modern violin. She finds another argument in favour of her theory in the philological relation of the words Cithara, Guitarra, Fidicula, Vielle, Vihuela, Fiddle, Viol, and Violin. Her genealogical tree of the violin would therefore run roughly as follows: Asiatic Kithara, Greek Cithara, Latin Guitar, Spanish Guitar—it is here that the use of the bow comes in—French Vielle, and English Fiddle. Here then is controversial food for the archæologist, which is supplemented by the bibliography extending over 100 pages, and showing the works which have been consulted in its preparation.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION IN DAILY LIFE, EDUCATION AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. 6s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

It is probable that hypnotism, in common with other branches of psychological inquiry, has suffered less from the attacks of its enemies than from the intemperate zeal of some of its advocates. The glowing accounts of its possibilities, coupled with promises of almost miraculous results in the cure of nervous and mental disorders, have too often shown a tendency to break down on cool experiment, leaving the judicious to grieve and the hostile critic to rail at its professors as quacks. Those, however, who have studied the investigations of Drs. Elliotson and Ashburner—to say nothing of the experiments at the Salpetrière Hospital and elsewhere on the Continent by Professors Charcot, Liébault, and others—well know that the practice of hypnotism rests upon a solid basis of fact. And to such students and others Dr. Hollander's book—as being a weighty and temperate contribution to the literature of the subject—will be especially welcome. The volume—which is written in simple, unpretentious fashion—deals successively with the subconscious mind, suggestibility and auto-suggestion; describes various methods of hypnosis, and treats of its allied phenomena in the way of clairvoyance, thought-transference, and apparitions, giving much practical information concerning the uses and dangers of hypnotic practice. Of especial interest are the chapters in which Dr. Hollander relates the cures of general diseases, nervous and mental disorders, and drink and drug habits effected by the agency of hypnotic suggestion. Many of these are records of his own experience as a medical practitioner. In his final chapter on "Mental Healers," Dr. Hollander reminds us that hypnotism and suggestion are as old as humanity. And he suggestively alludes to the invocations of the Egyptian priests, the incantations of the disciples of Æsculapius, the King's touch for the healing of special diseases, the wonderful cures at Lourdes, and the well-attested efficacy of such modern systems of healing as "mind cure," "faith cure," and so-called Christian Science. He shows that the basis of these things is the suggestibility of the mind—a fact in psychology known to the wise men of the past, notably the ancient Egyptians. Both on its practical and historical side the book is of interest and value, forming as it does a rationale of the subject, and a guide to the hypnotic student and practitioner. Incidentally it may be commended to the attention of the seeker after occult knowledge, in which connection we may cite the chapters on clairvoyance, thought-transference, and apparitions. Dr. Hollander has (like many others) been struck by the very limited intelligence displayed by our old friend the "ghost," as shown in cases of hauntings by apparitions or phantasms of the dead, and he dismisses this kind of ghost as being "nothing more nor less than an intensified telepathic vision." But this as a hypothesis in no way reflects on the investigations into occult realms carried on by Sir Oliver Lodge and others.

THE POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. Edited by William Ernest Browning. Bohn's Standard Library. 2 Vols. 3s. 6d. each. (George Bell & Sons.)

It was high time that we had a really scholarly edition of Swift's writings, and we are, therefore, much indebted to Messrs. George Bell & Sons for providing it. They started with the Prose Works, brought out under the capable editorship of Mr. Temple Scott; and, encouraged by the reception accorded to this venture, the twelfth and last volume of which was only issued last year, they now issue the Poems, in two volumes. The five volumes of the Correspondence, which are in the press, will complete the edition, for which all students are grateful. Though Dryden's remark, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a Poet," is always quoted when Swift's verse is mentioned, yet that verse is not to be despised, for if, on the one hand, it never reached the height to which the greatest poetry attains, on the other hand it possesses qualities that secure for it a place, and a high place, in English literature. Johnson's estimate is, perhaps, as good as that of any critic. "Swift's poetical works," he said, "are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard laboured expression or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style—they consist of 'proper words in proper places.'" In other words, they have all the qualities of his prose—command of language, virility, tenderness, gentle irony, savage satire; all the qualities save imagination. He was pre-eminently, in his verse as in his prose writings, the satirist, the humorist; and in one as in the other the man stands revealed. Indeed, no man in his writings ever more clearly revealed himself. "In Swift the author and the man are identical," wrote that high authority upon the Dean, Sir Leslie Stephen. "No writings ever reflected more perfectly a powerful idiocyncrasy." If in his verse Swift was severe on women, he must not be taken *au pied de la lettre*, for there was always, or at least usually, underlying his satire a true tenderness that in his lifetime only his friends discovered, but which to-day is an open secret to all interested in the lives of English men of letters. No man has been more bitterly attacked, save perhaps John Wilson Croker, and no man deserved it less. He had his share of faults, of course, but those who are never tired of insisting upon the fallibility of critics find much support, in this instance,

in the tremendous and unwarrantable onslaughts of Macaulay and Thackeray. Mr. William Ernest Browning has done his work well; indeed, it would have been difficult to have done it better. The text is sound, the arrangement excellent, the notes just what they should be. Mr. Browning's edition of Swift's Poetical Works is, and long will be, the standard edition.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. By Mary Innes. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

A useful book, pursuing a well-proportioned path across the vast field of European painting. And into Schools inevitably that field must be divided. For if into such modes and manners the freer and less imitative arts of Literature and Music have been ever forced by the pressure of prevailing taste, far more so must then be the fate of that Art which, more than any other, depends upon the trick of doing it; a trick which must of necessity be that practised by the world to which the beginner is born. The painter has first to be a man of methods, learning them of others; thought and expression come long after. So into Schools of Method must his work unfailingly be parted. And even the greatest originators of new schools have had to be themselves, in the first place, scholars. Perhaps the true proof of the original genius of any one of these has been, not that he began by following no one, but that he died with no one following him. Such was the fate of a Michael Angelo or a Turner, men who left an influence, but could not, from the very magnitude of their conceptions, leave a school. This handbook will be of great service to that general public which needs in these days a *coup d'œil* in everything, Art included; and will whet the appetite of many to much deeper reading. Innumerable illustrations bring home the author's words. She laments the ineffectiveness of black and white. We could wish that the many art primers of the present day, with their colour-prints, would spare us lamentations to the contrary.

THIRTY-SIX POEMS. By James Elroy Flecker. 5s. net. (The Adelphi Press, Ltd.)

There are in this book almost as many sorts of poems as there are poems. Some of them we admire, others we admire less, and others leave us doubtful. One poem has a line:

"The golden sentences that left him cold";

and we are free to confess that we are left exceedingly cold. Nor is it pleasant, a few lines further on, to be told that "love became a loathing, as it must." Mr. Flecker is strangely unequal. What we find of greatest interest are his translations from Baudelaire and especially from Machiavelli. This latter, in terza rima, is in every way more translatable than "La Mandragora," his only play, which was performed some ten years ago by the Berlin equivalent of our Stage Society. We had almost added that Mr. Flecker translates from Davidson, not because he calls some of his poems ballads, but because of the frame of mind, and it would seem that Mr. Flecker is as yet quite sensitive to many influences. He has good dramatic powers, as in "Joseph and Mary." He is fond of beautiful metres and beautiful words, and if his rhymes are not faultless (*e.g.* "moon" and "time," "stirs" and "years"), he tells of Bathrolaire and Balghar and Jalula and "Mr. Judd, who is like a bloater." We are troubled about that poem called "The Town Without a Market," because it is not amongst those whose previous publication is acknowledged, and yet it seems familiar. But it is an admirable poem of the graveyard. The blind man

"... thought the grave would cure me, and was glad
When the time came to lose what joy I had."

After certain other men have spoken there comes a timorous man, who cries:

"On Earth I used to shape the Thing that seems.
Master of all men, give me back my dreams."

Is it that the familiarity of this poem is due to the fact that it has become a folk-song? Yet Mr. Flecker's effects are slightly too conscious, one hears the brain working—and sometimes it has worked with much success, as in the "War Song of the Saracens":

"Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity die."

Which is what Cyrano would have liked to have said. . . . This was, we believe, the first book published by the Adelphi Press, not that we speak from internal evidence. We can congratulate them and ourselves.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is a ready writer, and is remarkably clever at judging the taste of the public. Accordingly, in addition to other merits, his books are invariably topical and up-to-date. His sense of humour is well to the fore in **Queer Things about Egypt** (21s. net), which presents that country as it appears to the ordinary intelligent traveller of the present day. Mr. Sladen has talked with many natives, and his knowledge of Egypt is as considerable as his powers of description.

To go further East, Persia has again provided a background for Mr. Sladen's activities, but it is a little difficult to know to whom exactly to attribute the authorship of **The Moon of the Fourteenth Night** (16s. net). The book purports to be the private journal of one Edouard Valmont, who was attached to the French legation during the recent revolution. The journal has been "made into a book" by Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen. However, it does not much matter who is the author, or precisely what is the share of each of the three persons mentioned, so long as we have the book, which is entirely satisfactory. The description of Persian events will probably appeal to the book's readers less than the full account which Valmont gives of his illicit love-affair with a Persian girl of the upper classes. However, in its entirety the book is both curious and interesting, and is one which can be strongly recommended. As in "Queer Things about Egypt," the illustrations are an excellent feature.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Omitting "Froggie would a-Wooing Go" and "A Comet for Sale," a "frivolous trifle" that the author himself apologises for including, **Written in the Rain** (6s.) is a very admirable collection of short stories, varied in subject and always treated with that fine artistic power that we have learned to expect of Mr. Trevena. They have imagination and humour, and such as "By Violence" and "Matrimony" are atmosphered with a glow of mysticism and allegorical suggestiveness that keeps them still true to this life whilst linking them with a life that is higher. A book in which there are eleven out of thirteen stories that we can speak of with unqualified praise is a book that no wise reader will miss reading.

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, of whose many books on the history and antiquities of town and country life in England we have grateful remembrances, has written a pleasant volume of random essays which he entitles **The Parson's Pleasance** (10s. 6d. net). The conjunction of deep antiquarian lore with an attractive and readable style is rare, and should be the more warmly welcomed when it appears in so pleasant a book as that under notice. Mr. Ditchfield is at his best in chapters five and six—"In the Village" and "Folk-lore Customs relating to Church Life"—but he will appeal to many tastes. The illustrations bear eloquent witness to the variety of subjects treated.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Mr. Ashmore Wingate's **Life of Ruskin** (1s. 6d.) is the latest addition to the popular Great Writers Series. It is a well-written and thoroughly adequate account of a noble and much-shadowed career. Perhaps Mr. Wingate writes a little loosely when he says, concerning Ruskin's quiet home-life with his father and mother, that after considering the miserable home-life of "Elia," among others, "one turns to Ruskin with a new wonder and respect." In the circumstances, the wonder and respect of most of us will still be for Lamb. Otherwise, Mr. Wingate's judgments are sound and his biography excellent, both as history and as criticism.

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS.

Webster's Little Gem Dictionary (1s.) is a handy abridgment of Webster's great International Dictionary, and comprises a large pronouncing vocabulary with definitions, synonyms, etc., a gazetteer of the world, a classical dictionary, a compilation of common foreign words and phrases with translations, forms of address, postal regulations, and much other useful general information. It is clearly printed and so compact in form that it will fit easily into the pocket.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians reaches its conclusion in this fifth volume (21s. net), and we congratulate Mr. Fuller-Maitland on the care and thoroughness with which he has conducted his editorial labours from first to last. Many new

musicians have arisen and many advances have been made in the technique of music and improvements in musical instruments since this monumental work was originally published, but Mr. Maitland has brought everything up to date in these respects; the new biographies are admirably concise and sufficient, and have been in each case written by fully qualified authors; and wherever necessary the earlier biographies have been deftly amended or expanded. The fifth volume carries the dictionary of music, musicians, and musical instruments from T to Z, and includes an appendix to accommodate omissions from the former volumes and the names of musicians who have become famous since the re-issue was begun. The possession of a complete set of this important work is indispensable to the library of every one who is interested in the study of music.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Mr. John Foster Fraser has been on a lengthy sojourn in Australia, and in **Australia: The Making of a Nation** (6s.) has written an account of his impressions and experiences that may irritate some Australians and some Englishmen, but cannot fail to interest them all. Mr. Fraser has a pleasant and breezy style; he is a shrewd observer of men and things; is wise in the social and political history of the nation he visited, and expresses his opinions of its development, its ideals, its good and bad tendencies, its successes and its failures, with a frankness and forcefulness that are as stimulating as they are informing. You may share the author's views or strongly dissent from them, but you will read his book with unqualified enjoyment, and recognise it as the work of a man who is capable of judging for himself, and is neither afraid to do so nor to give his judgments plain utterance. One of the fullest and most valuable books on the problems and possibilities of life in Australia that recent years have brought us. The photographic illustrations are numerous and excellent.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

The Stowaway (6s.) of Mr. Louis Tracy's novel of that name is not a stowaway of the ordinary sort, and does not go to sea in ordinary circumstances. She is a girl who is running from a distasteful marriage that her uncle has arranged for her, and she goes aboard a ship belonging to her uncle, and one moreover that he has arranged to have scuttled by the captain when it is well out at sea for very good business reasons. Here is an opening for an exciting romance; and Mr. Tracy is too good a craftsman not to make the most and the best of it. Fleeing from an elderly and undesirable lover the girl meets with a young and irresistible one aboard the doomed ship, and the result is a charming story of love and high adventure with a capital plot that we are too conscientious to give away. The illustrations in colour add to the attractiveness of the volume.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

Miss Diana Meyrick is, we believe, a newcomer to the ranks of novelists, but **Peace Alley** (6s.) shows few traces of the 'prentice hand. It is an enjoyable story, but the author deserves most praise for her very decided powers of characterisation and the excellent manner in which she obtains her "atmosphere." In spite of its title, the book is by no means so tranquil as it sounds. Miss Meyrick is gifted also with a strong sense of humour—barbed sometimes with a little malice. "Peace Alley" is a work of very great promise, and we shall certainly keep a look-out for this writer in the future.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAWDEN, H. HEATH.—The Principles of Pragmatism: A Philosophical Interpretation of Experience. 6s. net (Constable)

BLACKBURNE, G. M. IRELAND.—St. Paul: His Story and his Writings Sketched in Outline. Churchman's Penny Library, No. 30. 1d. ..... (Mowbray)

EDMONSTON-SCOTT, W. J.—Elements of Negro Religion. With Frontispiece. .. (Edmonston-Scott & Co., Edin.)

GILLETT, GABRIEL, and WILLIAM SCOTT PALMER.—The Claims and Promise of the Church. 2s. 6d. net (Mowbray)

"GRETCHEN."—Golden Curves; or, Glimpses into Paradise. 6d. net ..... (Hills & Co.)

HALL, W. WINSLOW, M.D.—Applied Religion. 1s. net (Alpha Union, Letchworth, and Headley Bros., Bishopsgate Street, E.C.)

HOPKINS, F. A.—The Proof of God. 1s. ..... (Drane)

ROMANES, E. G.—What a Christian should Believe, Know, and Do. 6d. net ..... (Mowbray)

ROMANES, MRS.—Thoughts on the Beatitudes. 4d. net (Mowbray)

STALEY, VERY REV. VERNON.—The Minor Holy Days of the Kalendar of the Book of Common Prayer. Churchman's Penny Library, No. 29. 1d. ..... (Mowbray)

NEW EDITION.

GORMAN, W. GORDON.—Converts to Rome. A Biographical List of the More Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the last Sixty Years. New and Enlarged Edition. 3s. 6d. net (Sands)

FICTION.

ADAMS, ARTHUR H.—Galahad Jones. Illustrated by Norman H. Lindsay. 6s. ..... (Lane)

BARCLAY, FLORENCE L.—The Wheels of Time. 1s. net (Putnam's)

BOOTH, EDWARD C.—The Doctor's Lass. 6s. (Grant Richards)

BOYD, MARY STUART.—The Glen. 6s. ..... (Mills & Boon)

BRAINERD, ELEANOR HOYT.—The Personal Conduct of Belinda. With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

BUCKROSE, J. E.—The Pilgrimage of a Fool. 6s. (Mills & Boon)

DAWLISH, HOPE.—A Village Community. 6s. ..... (Allen)

DE CRESPIGNY, MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION.—The Valley of Achor. 6s. ..... (Mills & Boon)

DENDY, MARY, M.A.—Only a Business Man. 6s. (Sherratt & Hughes)

DUFF, LILY GRANT.—Vocation. 6s. ..... (Murray)

FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE.—The Temptation of St. Anthony. English Version by Ernest Tristan and G. F. Monkshood. With Portrait. The Lotus Library. 1s. 6d. net (Greening)

GAUNT, MARY.—The Mummy Moves. 6s. ..... (Laurie)

GEORGE, HERBERT.—Johnny: a Lady of the Period. 6s. (Greening)

GLOVATSKI, ALEXANDER.—The Pharaoh and the Priest. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. With 10 Illustrations from Photographs. 6s. net ..... (Sampson Low)

GRAHAM, WINIFRED.—The Enemy of Woman. 6s. (Mills & Boon)

HUME, FERGUS.—The Spider. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)

HYATT, STANLEY PORTAL.—The Law of the Bolo. 6s. (Laurie)

HYDE, JOHN DALISON.—The Feet of the Years. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

KNOWLES-FOSTER, FRANCES G.—Jehanne of the Golden Lips. 6s. ..... (Mills & Boon)

LE BRETON-MARTIN, E.—Otters to the Rescue: a Story of the Boy Scouts. Illustrated by E. P. Kinsella. Scout Library, No. 8. 1s. net ..... (Pearson)

McCALL, SIDNEY.—The Dragon Painter. Illustrated by Gertrude McDaniel. 6s. ..... (Stanley Paul)

MARRIOTT-WATSON, H. B.—Alise of Astra. 6s. ... (Methuen)

MEREDITH, GEORGE.—Celt and Saxon. 6s. ... (Constable)

MEYRICK, DIANA.—Peace Alley. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson)

MURRAY, ROSALIND.—The Leading Note. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson)

NAPIER OF MAGDALA, LADY.—How She Played the Game. 6s. ..... (Murray)

NESBIT, E.—Fear. 6s. ..... (Stanley Paul)

NORRIS, W. E.—Not Guilty. 6s. ..... (Constable)

OPENSHAW, MAY.—The Cross of Honour. 6s. .... (Laurie)

OXENHAM, JOHN.—Lauristons. 6s. ..... (Methuen)

"Pause!" 1s. net ..... (Greening)

RAE-BROWN, CAMPBELL.—Kissing-Cup the Second. 1s. net ..... (Long)

RAWLENCE, GUY.—The Romantic Road. With Coloured Frontispiece by Wilmot Lunt. 6s. ..... (Unwin)

ROWLANDS, EFFIE ADELAIDE.—The Man she Married. 6d. ..... (Stanley Paul)

SNOWDEN, KEIGHLEY.—Verity Lads. 6s. (Werner Laurie)

TALLENTYRE, S. G.—Early Victorian: A Village Chronicle. 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)

THOMAS, ROWLAND.—The Little Gods. Illustrated by Charles Sarka. 6s. ..... (Stanley Paul)

TRACY, LOUIS.—The Stowaway. With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

TREVENA, JOHN.—Written in the Rain. 6s. ... (Mills & Boon)

VAN VORST, MARIE.—The Girl from his Town. 6s. (Mills & Boon)

WHITE, PERCY.—The Lost Halo. 6s. ..... (Methuen)

NEW EDITIONS.

Author of "Adventures of John Johns."—The Progress of Pauline Kessler. 1s. net ..... (Long)

BURGIN, G. B.—The Trickster. 6d. ..... (Stanley Paul)

ECCOTT, W. J.—The Red Neighbour. 1s. net .... (Blackwood)

EVERETT-GREEN, E.—The City of the Golden Gate. 6d. (Stanley Paul)

LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Woman in the Way. With Frontispiece. The Red Cloth Sixpenny Library, No. 1. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)

RANGER-GULL, C.—The Harvest of Love. 6d. .....(Long)
WARWICK, SIDNEY.—The River House Mystery. With Frontispiece. The Red Cloth Sixpenny Library, No. 2. 6d. net.....(Newnes)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ADAM, MAJOR W. A., M.P.—Rus Divinum, and Other Poems. 2s. 6d. net.....(Ouseley)
BALBERNIE, KITTY.—Arion of Lesbos, and Other Poems. 3s. 6d. net.....(Smith, Elder)
BEACON, ROBERT, B.A. (Lond.).—Poems. With Portrait. (J. Nicholson-Smith, 3, Amen Corner, E.C.)
GHOSH, SARATH KUMAR.—The Prince of Destiny: A Drama of India. 1s. 6d. net.....(Rebman)
HERBERT, CHARLES.—A Voice from the Trees. ...(Fifield)
HUDSON-WILLIAMS, T., M.A.—The Elegies of Theognis, and Other Elegies included in the Theognidean Sylloge. A Revised Text with Introduction, Commentary, and Appendices. 7s. 6d. net.....(Bell)
LERMONTOFF.—The Demon. A Literal Translation in the Metre of the Original by Ellen Richter. With a Portrait. 1s. net.....(Nutt)
NORTON, HON. ELEANOUR.—Poems. Vigo Cabinet Series. 1s. net.....(Elkin Mathews)
RICHARDS, MARCUS S. C.—Garnered Beauty. 4s. 6d. net (J. Baker & Son, Clifton and London)
WYNDHAM, H. SAXE.—Stories of the Operas and the Singers. With Portraits. 1s. net.....(Long)

NEW EDITIONS.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. V., T—Z, and Appendix. 21s. net.....(Macmillan)
JACKSON, HOLBROOK (Compiler).—Everychild. A Book of Verses for Children. Second Edition, Enlarged. (J. W. Bean & Son, Leeds)
MILTON, JOHN.—Comus; L'Allegro; Il Pensoroso; Lycidas; Arcades; and Sonnets. Edited by Oliver Elton. Re-issue in one volume of various Oxford editions of Milton's minor poems. 2s. .....(Clarendon Press)

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